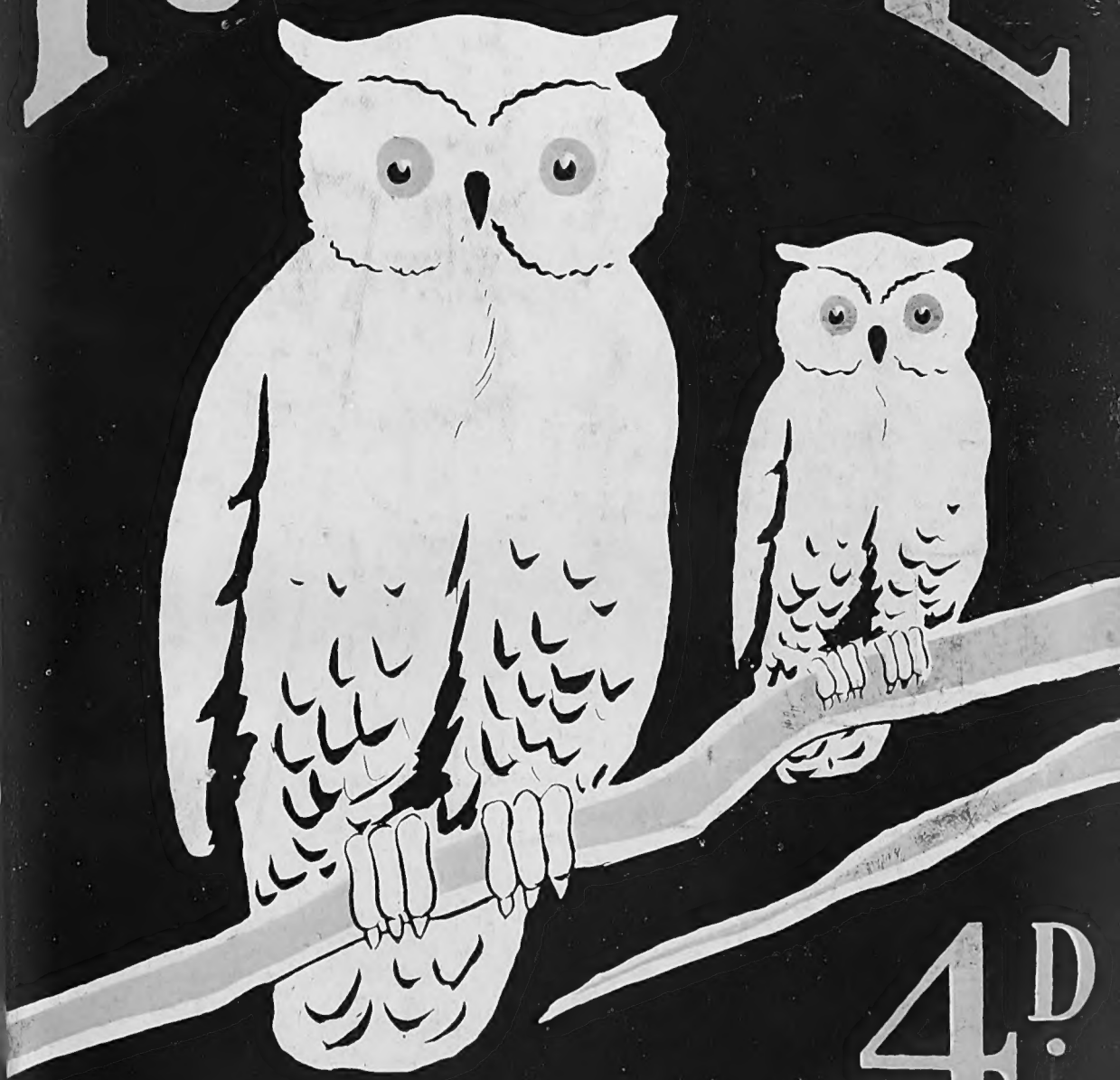
MARCH

THE ROYAL



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That Good Digestion may wait on Appetite and Health on Both,

TAKE

BEECHAM'S PILLS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

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The HOUSE of COMMONS—AN IRISHMAN'S PROTEST.

TO ENGLISHMEN, SCOTCHMEN, IRISHMEN, and OUR COLONIES!

AN IRISHMAN'S ELOQUENT PROTEST.—Richard Lalor Shiel once startled the House of Commons and the country when the word "alien" was applied to him as an Irishman. "On the field of Waterloo," he exclaimed, "the blood of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen flowed in the same stream and drenched the same sod—when the cold grey morning dawned they lay stiff and stark together; in the same trench their bodies were laid; the green corn of spring bursts even now from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, are we not to be partakers in glory? Are we to be told we are aliens from that noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured?" The effect of the speech both inside and outside the House was electrical.

THE MORAL.

"I need not be missed if another succeed me;
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown.
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done."

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED

WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

"I HAVE served for more than a quarter of a century with my regiment in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa, and have constantly used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have always found it of the utmost use, especially during the Ashantee War, under Sir Garnet Wolseley. I have been through several epidemics of yellow fever during my military career, but have never had an attack. This I attribute to the use of 'FRUIT SALT,' which I strongly recommend, more especially to those living or travelling in tropical countries.—(Signed)———, Captain, Retired Pay, West India Regiment, Spanish Town, Jamaica, 9th April, 1900."

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on any DISORDERED and FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine the Bottle and Capsule and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS Imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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IN THE SPRING

The necessity for a New Dress is obvious. Brighter days force home the fact that the costume which passed muster so recently must be relegated to a darker past. To choose the Gown that might have been specially designed for you, and is all that

A LADY'S FANCY

could wish for, will be your delightful experience if you purchase NOBLE'S COSTUMES. They Look Better, Fit Better, Wear Better, and are superior in every respect to anything offered elsewhere at these Prices.

MODEL 956. Produced in the JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE or COSTUME COATING. Fashionably cut Skirt and stylish Bodice, neatly trimmed with braid on saddle, revers, and box-pleat. Saddle and sleeves lined. Price **10/6**; carriage 6d. Skirt alone, **5/6**; carriage 6d. Also in good Wool Serge, lined through, price **21/-**.

10/6

A FULL DRESS LENGTH of the Famous John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating, 6yds. 52in. wide, for **7/6**; carriage 8d. extra. **7/6**

LATEST DRESS FABRICS.

New Textures. New Colourings. Exclusive Designs in Wool, Silk, and Cotton Materials.

Write for Patterns Direct to Brook St. Mills.

COLOURS of Ladies' Costumes are Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey and Royal Blue.

MOURNING ORDERS received by first post, addressed "Funeral Department," and enclosing 1s. extra fee, are guaranteed to be sent off the same night.

Model 963. A perfectly plain tailor-built Skirt, the latest cut, with one box-pleat at back. In JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE or COSTUME COATING, **5/6**; in "MILNER" VICUNA CLOTH, **6/11**; in JOHN NOBLE MIXTURE SUITING, **8/6**; in BLACK or NAVY FRIEZE CLOTH, **8/6**; carriage 5d.; lined through, **2/6** extra.

ANY DESIGN made to order. Cut and Fit guaranteed. Estimates and Patterns free.

MODEL 955. Fashionable Coat and Skirt Costume. Coat double-breasted & stitched round revers, collar, and cuffs, with white or black as desired.

10/6

Made in JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE or COSTUME COATING. Price complete **10/6**; carriage 6d. Skirt alone, **5/6**; carriage 5d. Also in Good Wool Serge, lined through, price **21/-**.

STOCK SIZES.

The Stock Sizes of Ladies' Costumes fit figures 34, 36, 38ins. round bust (under arms) and 24, 26, 28ins. round Waist, the Skirts being 38, 40, and 42ins. long in front. Larger or Special sizes up to 40in. bust measure cost **2/-** extra.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED.

Model 805.—An exceptionally well-made Coat, with semi-fitting back, smartly cut in good wearing Cloth of Fawn or Black, Velvet collar and neat buttons. Price **8/6**; carriage 6d. Also in Superior Beaver-finished Cloth, **10/9**; carriage 6d. **8/6**

Model 823. Young Ladies' Smart Coat and Skirt Costume. Skirt with shaped flounce, coat with semi-sacque back and large roll collar, stitched at edge, as sketch. Made in JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE & COSTUME COATING (unlined). Lengths & prices: 36in., **11/9**; 39in., **12/6**; 42in., **13/6**; 46in., **14/6**; 50in., **15/6**. Carriage 6d. extra.

Model 884. Consists of Smart Reefer Coat, well lined through, and a full frock with kilted skirt and plain bodice, making a complete indoor and outdoor costume. Colours: Navy or Black only. In CHEVIOT SERGE or COSTUME COATING. Lengths and prices: 21in., **9/6**; 24in., **10/6**; 27in., **11/6**; 30in., **12/6**; 33in., **14/-**; 36in., **15/6**. Carriage 6d.

Model 811. From 9/11. Costume Skirt with three shaped frills, top one headed with good braid. Unlined.

IN JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE or COSTUME COATING, **9/11**.

In "MILNER" VICUNA CLOTH, **11/9**.

In "MELBOURNE" COSTUME CLOTH, **15/6**.

Carriage 5d. Lined throughout, **2/6** extra.

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A LIFETIME'S WEAR.

CASH PRICE **£10. 10s.** OR

CREDIT { **£1. 1s.** down and 10 Monthly Payments of **One Guinea**; or **£1. 1s.** down and 21 Monthly Payments of **Half-a-Guinea.**

Delivered Free to any railway station in the United Kingdom.

Our Special Parlour or Dining-room Suite consists of Couch, Lady's and Gent's and Four Small Chairs. In **Solid** Oak, Walnut, or Mahogany; luxuriously upholstered in best Imperial Saddlebags, richly embossed figured velvet, or Crockett's best quality English Leather Cloth, the backs being padded with the same material. In ordering, please state the wood and colours of coverings preferred. Extra small Chairs can be supplied at One Guinea each. Every article is spring-seated.

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GREATER INK CAPACITY,
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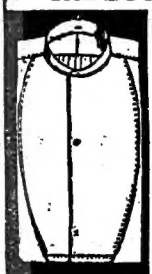

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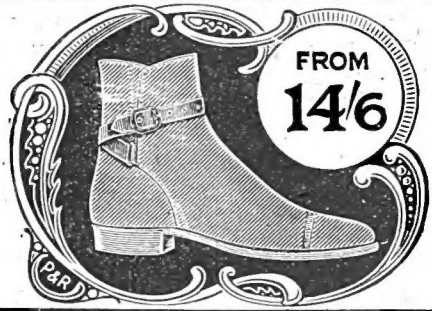

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"**EXPRESS**" ENGLISH LEVER,

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For INFANTS, INVALIDS, and THE AGED.
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HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

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Digestive
Biscuits
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THESE delicious Biscuits are manufactured from the celebrated wheat preparation "GRANOLA," and are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty as a most nutritious and desirable article of diet for regular use, possessing valuable hygienic qualities unobtainable in the ordinary forms of whole meal.

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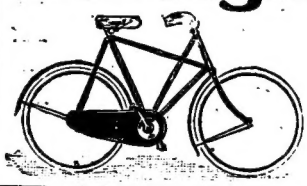

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MR. GEO. R. SIMS TELLS A STORY.

"I never mind," writes Mr. George R. Sims in the *Referee*, "telling a story against myself. A gentleman of Holland wrote to me for a copy of a recitation, and, being ignorant of my particular whereabouts, addressed his envelope 'Mr. ——' (respect for the anonymity of journalism prevents me printing my real name), 'Poet, London.'

"But where do you think the postal authorities delivered the letter? At the *Referee* Office? No. At Opposite-the-Ducks Villa? No. At the Authors' Club? No. At none of these places, but at the offices of 'Tatcho.'

"Oh! St. Martin's Le Grand—St. Martin's Le Grand! I never gave you credit for such a refinement of cynicism as that. I am not a poet—not even a minor one. In my wildest dreams I never aspired to be anything more than a writer of rhymes. I have too profound an admiration for the poet's art to call rhymed narrative, arranged for the purposes of dramatic effect, poetry; but surely, surely you might have delivered a letter with such an address to my private house! ***To hand it to stern commercial men who preside over the destinies of 'Tatcho' was cruel. Proud in the consciousness that all I have done has been done in the interests of my brothers and sisters and the great cause of suffering humanity,*** I have forgiven the postal authorities, and have sent them information that they have no more right to send my letters to 'Tatcho' than they have to send Lord Playfair's to 'Bovril.'"

"TATCHO"

The Great Hair Renewer

CUT THIS OUT AND **POST TO-DAY.** | If your Local Chemist or Stores is unable to supply.

THIS COUPON *R. M.*

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4/6 SIZE FOR *Carriage Paid.* **1/10**

Direct from the "Tatcho" Depot.

In making this exceptional offer the Company is acting with the knowledge that such distribution of large Trial Bottles is making the Preparation even more widely known, and is introducing it to every home in a more satisfactory manner than could be effected by any other system of advertising.

What the Public themselves say:—

"A Pearl Beyond Price."

35, Aberdeen-road, Cotham, Bristol, Dec. 23, 1901.

Mrs. E. C. Parsons regards "Tatcho" as a pearl beyond price. In her opinion everybody desiring to cultivate, improve, or retain a good head of hair should try it.

"3 Separate Hairdressers."

Rostherne, St. Stephen's-road, Bournemouth, Nov. 30, 1901.

Mrs. Lloyd wants to give three bottles of "Tatcho" to some friends here, as a lady in the house is strongly recommending it, and says that three separate hairdressers tell her what a wonderful growth of new hair she has.

"A Crop of New Hair."

Rosevale, Shirley, nr. Croydon, Jan. 10, 1902.

You will be pleased to hear that my brother has succeeded in raising a crop of new hair on a spot almost entirely bald since some years past. His success has induced me to give your preparation a trial. S. L CROOSKEY.

"Was Falling, but Now ——"

Percy Arms, Teignmouth, Nov. 25, 1901.

I have found great benefit from "Tatcho." My hair was falling out before using it, but now "Tatcho" has strengthened it, and it is growing wonderfully. Mrs. TURNBULL.

"I am Charmed."

St. Almond, Uxbridge, Middlesex, Nov. 14, 1901.

May I say that I am charmed with "Tatcho"? It is so nice to have a Renewer free from grease. Miss H. KING.

"Superior to any Other."

35, City-road, Birmingham, Nov. 21, 1901.

I find "Tatcho" superior to any other hair restorer I have ever used. H. E. LANE.

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease.
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"TATCHO" is sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world in bottles at 1s., 2s. 9d., and 5s.

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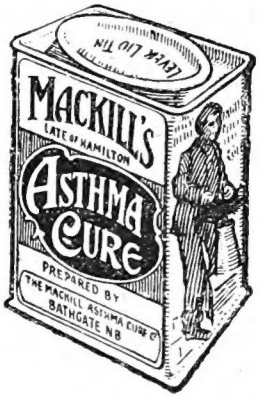

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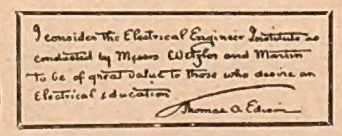
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NEURALGIA is a disease of the Nerves, and may affect any part of the Nervous System, although it most commonly attacks the nerves of the face. The illustration shows the nerves most commonly attacked. All who suffer from this tantalising pain will be glad to know of a Simple, Pure, and Easy Remedy, which is certified free from injurious substance by no less an authority than Dr. A. B. Griffiths. Further, the Proprietors of the Remedy offer to send *two free sample powders to any reader of* THE ROYAL MAGAZINE *who will send stamped addressed envelope.* ZOX is the name of this wonderful cure. ZOX is sold by Chemists, etc., at 1s. and 2s. 6d. per Box, or post free from **THE ZOX COMPANY, 11, Hatton Garden, LONDON, E.C.**

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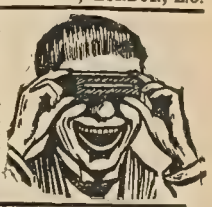

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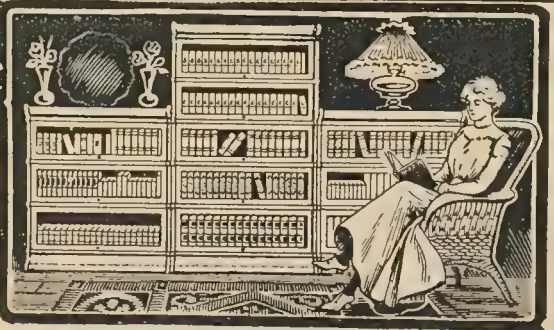

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STRANGE MENTAL POWERS.

HOW PEOPLE ARE INFLUENCED.

Startling Words from the Committee Appointed to Investigate Hypnotism for the Benefit of Journal Readers.

Rev. Paul Weller, Gorham, N.Y.

G. S. Lincoln, M.D., 101, Crutchfield Street, Dallas, Tex.

F. H. Stoufer, Sec. & Treas. of Railway Conductors, Pueblo, Col.

Judge Henry Schafer, Flemington, N.J.

Hypnotism is no longer a myth, a fanciful creation of the mind, but a reality, a most potent power capable of producing infinite good. For the purpose of ascertaining the exact value of this much-talked-of power, a committee, composed of a physician, a well-known jurist, a prominent minister and a leading railroad man, was appointed to investigate Hypnotism.

The committee carried on a series of investigations in regard to the power of hypnotism to influence the actions and deeds of people in the everyday walks of life.

The first step taken by the members of the committee was to master the science in every detail, so that they might state from personal experience the good or evil this strange power might produce. They wrote the New York Institute of Science, of Rochester, N.Y., the greatest school of Hypnotism and Occult Sciences in the world, and received full and complete instructions in regard to how hypnotism may be used to influence people in business, how to use it in treating diseases, &c., &c. In a few days they mastered these instructions and were full-fledged hypnotists.

It was clearly demonstrated that hypnotism may be employed so that the person operated upon is entirely unconscious of the fact that he is being influenced; and, all things considered, the committee regard it as the most valuable discovery of modern times. A knowledge of it is essential to one's success in life and well being in society.

Dr. Lincoln says, after a thorough investigation, that he considers it the most marvellous therapeutic or curative agent of modern times.

Judge Schafer, although a legal light, turned his attention to healing the sick, and in a few treatments he completely cured John E. Myers, of Flemington, N.J., of a strange malady that had kept him bedfast for nine years, and which the doctors said must surely kill him. Judge Schafer's fame spread for miles around, and hundreds of people applied to him for treatment.

Mr. Stoufer performed the astonishing feat of hypnotising Mr. Cuningham, of Pueblo, Col., at a distance of several blocks. He also hypnotised an aged gentleman and had him run through the streets shouting "Red-hot peanuts for sale." Mr. Stoufer says it is indispensable to one's business success.

Rev. Paul Weller says that every minister and every mother should understand hypnotism for the benefit they can be to those with whom they are brought in daily contact.

In speaking of this marvellous power, President Eliot, of Harvard College, said to the graduates: "Young gentlemen, there is a subtle power lying latent in each of you, which few of you have developed, but which when developed might make a man irresistible. It is called Personal Magnetism or Hypnotism. I advise you to master it."

The New York Institute of Science has just issued 10,000 copies of a book which fully explains all the secrets of this marvellous power, and gives explicit directions for becoming a practical hypnotist, so that you can employ the force without the knowledge of anyone. Anybody can learn. Success is guaranteed.

The book also contains a full report of the members of the committee. It will be sent absolutely free to anyone who is interested. A penny postal card will bring it. Write to-day.

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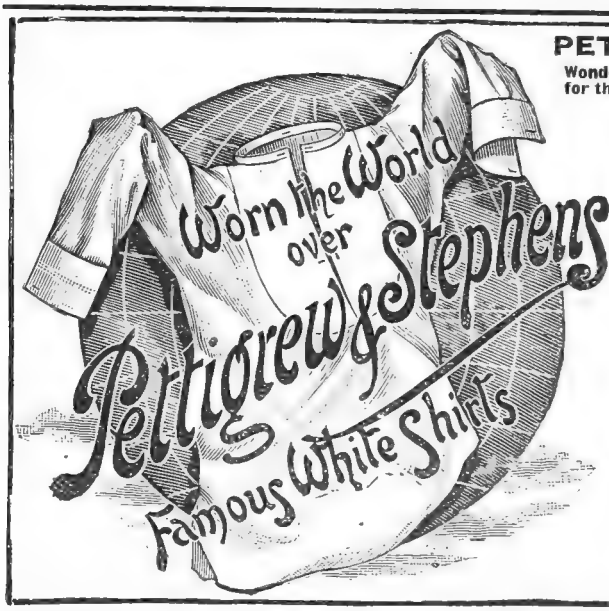

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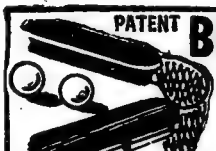
IN PACKETS containing one dozen, from **6d.** to **2/-** each.

From all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters, and Chemists.

A Sample Packet containing three size O, and one each size, 1, 2, and 4 Towels will be sent post free for 8 stamps on application to the Lady Manager, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham. SOUTHALLS' SANITARY SHEETS (for Accouchement) in 3 sizes, **1/-, 2/- & 2/6** each.



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I wouldn't know I had 'em in myself, only that I hear all right."

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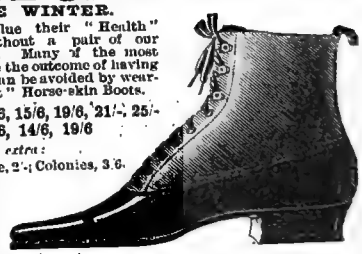

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B is the Brushes they held in their hands.
C is their Colours which pass not or fade.
D is the Dainty Designs which they made.
E is the Easels their pictures sustained.
F is the Fame which these artists have gained.
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I is for If—if only you're willing—
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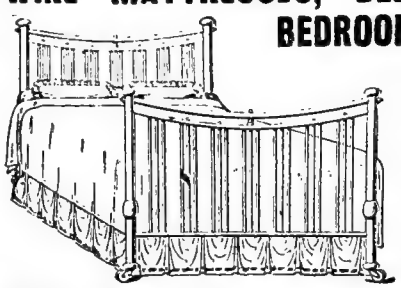

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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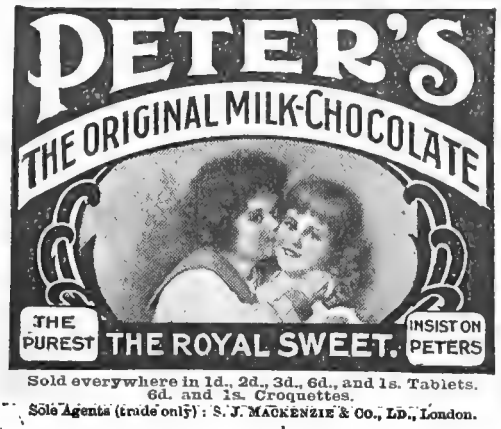

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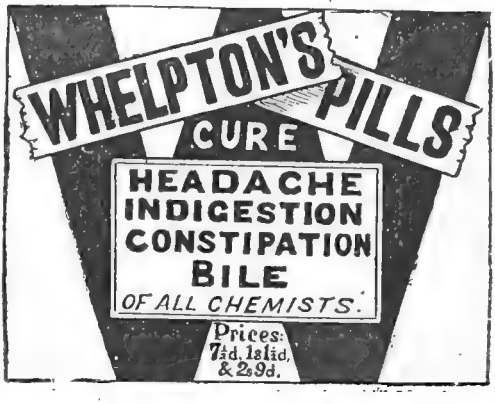

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MADGE AND THE CHERRIES.

I.

Madge is like a cherry,
  Soft and smooth and sweet;
And Madge is good to kiss
  As a cherry's good to eat.

II.

Madge from a cherry differs,
  Whose sweetness doth unfold
A heart we call a stone, and Madge—
  Why, Madge has a heart of gold.

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KISSI-KOO

A JAPANESE LOVE STORY

DELIGHTFUL LITTLE KISSI-KOO,
A MAIDEN OF JAPAN,
ONCE MET, AND SET HER MIND TO WOO,
A HANDSOME ENGLISH MAN,
WHO PROMPTLY FELL A VICTIM TO
THE MAGIC OF HER FAN.

HE SAW HER DARK, ALLURING EYES,
HE FELT HER WELL-AIMED GLANCE
THAT SHOT AT HIM, WITHOUT DISGUISE,
YOUNG CUPID'S TIRELESS LANCE.
SHE WON! COULD IT BE OTHERWISE
WHEN HE HAD SEEN HER DANCE?

Photographs posed by Miss Marie Fawcett.

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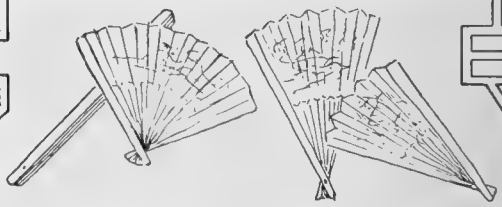
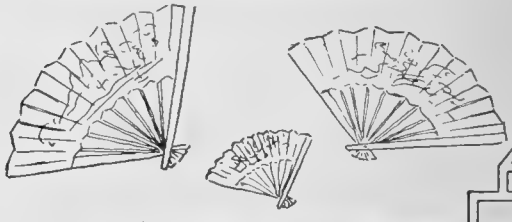
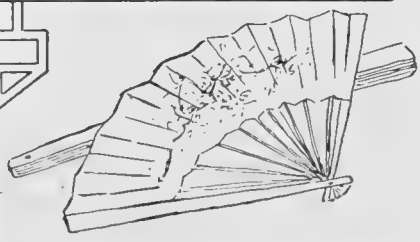
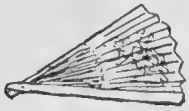


How could a mortal man resist
Such gracefulness of limb?
Her dainty hand, her supple wrist?
Her figure, lithe and slim?
No bonnier maid was ever kissed—
She blew a kiss to him.





He brought her flow'rs—she played
with them—
And wore them in her hair—
And rings that flashed with many a gem.
(Beware, O maid, beware!
There is a tide that nought can stem:
The River of Despair!)



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AND THEN.... AND THEN HE WENT AWAY;
HIS SHIP MUST GO TO SEA.
IN VAIN SHE BEGGED HER LOVE TO STAY;
HE SAID IT COULD NOT BE.
WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS SHE KNELT TO PRAY,
"COME BACK MY LOVE TO ME!"

THEY PARTED.....THEN THE PARTING O'ER,
HER SHADOWED LIFE BEGAN,
AND WEEPING, WEEPING, TO THE SHORE
SHE CAME, THE SEA TO SCAN.
WHY DID THE WAVES CRY, "NEVER MORE?"
WELL, HE WAS BUT A MAN!

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One evening, when the setting sun
Touched earth with golden red,
A letter came....the thing was done....
The shattered heart was dead....
"Good-bye for ever, little one-"
That's all the letter said!

There, stricken by Fate's cruel hand,
The poor, unwedded bride
Lay prostrate on the golden sand,
A letter by her side
Her lover, from a Western land,
Was false...and so...she died.

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LADY-MARJORY'S DISHONOUR

BY H. A. HINKSON

LADY MARJORY NEVILLE drew a letter from her bosom and read it for the hundredth time.

"Be of good cheer, little Marjory," it ran, "since if they must have my head they shall never have my heart seeing that it is in your sweet keeping."

The sound of galloping hoofs startled her. She kissed the paper passionately and placed it against her heart. Then she went to the window and listened intently. In the great silent house she was lonely. Lord Neville lay in his bed-chamber slowly recovering from a wound received in the King's cause at Worcester. He was helpless, even more helpless than herself, since she had health and what was given of strength to her youth and womanhood.

The rider drew rein before the house and dismounted. Lady Marjory sprang to the door and went out into the hall.

"What news, Reuben?" she exclaimed.

"Ill news, Lady Marjory, and I would that God had chosen a fitter messenger to carry it," replied the man sorrowfully.

"What is it?" she asked breathlessly. "And speak low lest you be overheard."

"The Arch-malignant has signed the warrant," the fellow returned. "General Fairfax would have had pity on Sir Godfrey because of his youth, but the chief traitor would not hear him."

"And the warrant?" asked Lady Marjory, pressing her hands against her bosom.

"Commands that Sir Godfrey Langdale be taken from the Tower at day-break and beheaded before all the people."

The girl shuddered.

"Beheaded!" she repeated.

"Thus much I have learned. 'Tis sorrowful tidings and his lordship lying sick. Will God never look upon us again?"

"Who bears the warrant?" Lady Marjory asked suddenly.

"He that was the King's carrier, I doubt not."

"What road does he take?"

"Through Oakdale," replied the man wondering; "he drinks a cup of ale at the King's Head, while they saddle him a fresh horse. By ten of the clock he will be there. I fear me there are many malignants in Oakdale. They grow fat on the Parliament's money."

"Go sup, Reuben, and keep your tongue from wagging," answered the lady haughtily. "Else these same knaves will cut it out, even if they leave so foolish a head upon your shoulders. Go and send Kitty to me, and as you value your life let no word of this be carried to his lordship."

The man bowed low.

"Your ladyship's commands shall be obeyed," he said humbly.

"See that they are, and to the letter," she returned; "this is no season for loose tongues."

She went back to the chamber which she had left and surveyed her face earnestly in the mirror. It was a comely face, made for laughter, but now paler and sterner than its wont.

"It will pass," she said to herself at length, "with some rude words to help it, and a sword and spurs to keep up my woman's heart. But it is not fear, but love, that makes my heart

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She looked at her figure in the mirror.

weak; now it shall make it strong. Kitty, come hither. Martin Downe is not a big man?"

"God 'a mercy!" exclaimed the maid, "Martin is but a stripling and no higher than your ladyship."

"That is what I would have you tell me, Kitty," Lady Marjory answered. Then she caught the girl by the shoulders and looked into her face.

"I do not ask if you are faithful," she went on; "I see truth in your eyes. I am in trouble, Kitty."

"God save Sir Godfrey," the girl murmured.

"Aye, God save him," cried Lady Marjory, "and He will! It is now past eight of the clock. God will save him, and you and I shall be His ministers. Make haste. Go to Martin's chest and take from it his Sunday suit, stockings, and buckled shoes and hat. Bring them to my robing-room secretly. Afterwards it matters nothing if the world know."

The girl hesitated.

"I pray you, madam," she broke out, "give me leave to go with you."

"What help would you be to a youth in arms?" Lady Marjory exclaimed smiling. "The shadows of the trees would frighten you to death. Make haste and follow me."

The girl brought the clothes to her mistress. Lady Marjory dressed herself quickly in them and deftly. Then letting her hair fall upon her shoulders she set the hat on her head.

She looked at her figure in the mirror; then turning to her maid:

"Do I make a gallant fellow?" she asked with a smile.

"As gallant as ever I saw," returned Kitty, "and yet they are rough garments for a person of quality."

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"I must find rough words to suit them. A bragging tongue has often been the armour of a timid heart, but mine is not timid. A Neville has never feared aught save dishonour. Have I been kind to you, Kitty?"

The girl fell on her knees and kissed her mistress's hand.

"Well, keep my secret till daybreak. 'Tis long for a woman, but after that gossip as you will."

"I would your ladyship could see my heart," answered the girl brokenly.

"Why so I do, if the eyes are its windows, but I would not strain your love beyond endurance. 'Tis a rude dress and yet not uncomely."

She opened the door of a cabinet set in the wall, and took from it a brace of pistols, and a steel-hilted sword. When she had girded the sword about her waist she loaded the pistols and thrust them into her belt, whilst her maid looked on full of fear and perplexity.

"Bid Reuben saddle Jock and lead him to the white gate," Lady Marjory continued; "when he has fastened the reins to the elm tree, let him return, and if he value the sight of his eyes bid him see nothing betwixt the night and the dawn."

"And if his lordship inquire——" began the maid tremulously.

Lady Marjory thought for a moment.

"Say that I am upon the King's business," she answered at length. When the girl was gone she turned again to the mirror.

"'Tis the only way," she muttered. "God be between me and failure."

"Reuben has led Jock to the gate," said Kitty.

"That is well. Let him have a cup of ale for his service. Now, leave me."

The girl hesitated a moment, then bursting into tears she cried: "Good luck to your ladyship!" and fled from the room.

Lady Marjory pressed a secret spring in the panel of the wall and a little door opened. Through this she passed and entered a narrow passage between two walls. A faint light came through the interstices of the tiles above, but she scarcely needed its help to guide her feet. She descended several flights of stone steps swiftly, holding the scabbard in her hand. Then the fresh air blew upon her face and she emerged in a clump of yew trees scarce a dozen yards from the white gate. She unfastened the reins from the elm tree and springing into the saddle rode under the beech trees to the road which leads to Oakdale.

She had no more definite purpose than to find the letter-carrier and to take from him the order for her lover's execution. The occasion would suggest a plan. If he would not deliver up the letter, then she would kill him and take it. She felt the stocks of her pistols to assure herself of their safety. On her left and in front of her lay the hills of Surrey, dark and quiet. "A Neville fears naught save dishonour," she muttered proudly.

As she drew rein before the King's Head she saw an ostler leading a horse from the yard. She called to him and dismounting flung the reins to him.

"Hold my horse while I sup," she exclaimed. Then she swaggered into the inn, making a great noise with her sword and spurs.

A little man, with a white face, came forward eagerly.

"Hush, master, or you will wake the gentleman," he whispered anxiously.

"'Tis early to be asleep, for it is not yet past ten of the clock," Lady Marjory retorted.

"The gentleman is weary," answered the innkeeper; "he has ridden far and before daybreak must be in London."

"Ah, then I will be quiet," she answered following him into the room.

On a couch lay a great red-faced fellow breathing heavily. A pair of heavy horse-pistols were thrust into his belt, and underneath his head was a leathern bag, bound with brass.

Lady Marjory's heart gave a great leap. This was the messenger of the Parliament, and in that bag was the order for Sir Godfrey Langdale's execution.

"I, too, am weary," she said, "and when I have supped I must take the road again. So I pray you make haste."

The host bowed and proceeded to set food upon the table. Lady Marjory watched him eagerly as he left the room, but the buttery was near and he came back quickly. If she could get possession of the pistols and withdraw the charges her task would be more easy. The bite of a toothless gum would soon heal. But as long as the innkeeper remained it was impossible. She played with her food, eating but little, her ears listening to the laboured breathing of the messenger of Parliament, and her mind busy revolving expedients.

"You have little hunger, master, for a horseman," said the host at length. "Is the food to your liking?"

"'Tis good enough, but I have thirst," rejoined the girl.

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The man's eyes brightened.

"I have good ale and wine——" he began.

"I will have none of them, seeing that I need a clear head in the morning. Bring me a cup of fresh spring water."

The innkeeper looked downcast.

"I have not a drop of water in the house," he said, "and the well is a hundred yards away. The ale is sweet and newly brewed."

"Go, bring me the water!" exclaimed Lady Marjory, with an imperiousness that seemed strangely out of keeping with her rude, ill-fitting clothes. "You shall be paid for the water as though it were ale. Does that content you?"

"Aye, it do, master," he returned, but with no good-will. Then he took a pitcher and with a glance at the sleeper he went out. Lady Marjory waited until the sound of his footsteps ceased, then casting a hurried glance about her, she rose and crept towards the couch. The fellow still slept soundly albeit uneasily. Gently but swiftly she drew the pistols from his belt. The man moved a little and she drew back trembling, but he did not wake. Now that she had gained the pistols, how was she to draw the charges? Her good luck was only to end in disappointment. Well, she would only have to fight him on equal terms. She was about to replace the pistols when her eye fell upon a corkscrew lying on the table beside some empty wine bottles. She caught it up eagerly, and thrust it into the muzzle of one of the pistols. The barrels were short and the point struck the wad. Pressing it gently she turned the screw and drew out the wad, and the ball followed. In a moment she had treated the other pistol in like manner, and slipped the balls into her pocket.

She heard the innkeeper's voice outside.

"If he do not wake soon, he must be waked. A curse on the lad for a water-drinker."

Quick as thought, she replaced the pistols in the man's belt and returned to her seat.

The innkeeper set the water on the table churlishly enough.

"The grass is wet and I am like to catch the ague," he remarked.

She was moved to answer him haughtily, but she checked herself. A Neville in rough clothes was no better than any country bumpkin. She drank a little of the water. It was cold and chilled her somewhat. She needed all her courage, and wine would help her.

"The water is good for slaking thirst," she said; "now I will try some of your wine, and let it be of your best."

The innkeeper's eyes glistened, and he looked at her with some suspicion.

"He has stolen his master's gold," he muttered to himself smiling; "but 'tis no business of mine so he pay for it, whose may be the gold."

There was much virtue in the wine, and when she had drunk it, Lady Marjory shook off her fears, and became impatient for the man to wake. She turned and looked at him, and saw that his eyes were fixed upon her face.

"Good night to you, master," he said, grinning. "'Tis a good day for the poor."

"Why so, sir?" she inquired.

The fellow rose, yawned hugely, and stretched himself.

"When they drink wine that were used to be content with ale."

"There is enough for both of us if you will drink with me, sir," she answered.

"Why that I will and gladly, master," he rejoined with great good humour. "You are a brave lad, and many a lass will have a heart-ache for your kisses before the beard grows on your cheek. Here is to your mistress, lad!" and he drank the wine.

"Thank you, sir," Lady Marjory answered, "but I have no thought of a mistress, but only of my journey."

"Whither do you go?"

"To London and I would be there before daybreak."

"Why so do I and so you shall. Come, we will travel together. You are too tender for the rough ways of the world though you make a brave enough show," and he smiled at the pistols. "But with Bob Varly as your comrade none will doubt your courage. Come little master."

Lady Marjory paid her reckoning and followed the messenger of Parliament. As the latter was about to mount his horse, the innkeeper whispered something in his ear.

"What care I how the lad came by the gold?" Bob Varly exclaimed. "If he has robbed his master, he serves you no ill turn since he has paid for his wine. Keep your tongue quiet lest it land you in the pillory or the stocks. Come along, little master. If the dawn shows over those hills, my head will be in danger."

Lady Marjory rode beside him. She perceived that her horse was swifter than his and she kept a tight rein.

"Will Huxham is a rogue," said her companion. "I dreamed that he was stealing my pistols whilst I slept. He would sell his soul for a groat, which is more than it's

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value for. I'm glad I was there to save you from him. There are many knaves in the world."

Lady Marjory rode on in silence. She was watching her opportunity to demand the surrender of the mail-bag, but she feared lest a pistol shot might bring help and foil her purpose. When they were within the shadows of Stoke Wood, she fell a little behind.

"Tired, master?" asked her companion.

"Yes, of waiting," she answered, drawing a pistol. "Dismount, master messenger."

"Dismount!" repeated the man in bewilderment.

"Yes, if you value your life. I would not shoot you in the back."

Bob Varly wheeled his horse round, and snatching his pistol fired point blank at her. A mocking laugh answered the report.

"Your pistols are harmless," Lady Marjory said, "more than an hour ago, I drew the bullets from them."

"It was you then," the man muttered. "What would you have of me?"

"A letter from the bag that you carry; only one. I set your life against it," and she raised the pistol.

"I lose my head if I give it you," Varly exclaimed, suddenly drawing his sword. "Have at you."

He made a lunge at the girl, but she spurred her horse. Jock leaped forward and the blow fell harmless. Then wheeling her horse about, she rode up close to Varly and shot his horse through the head. "I would not kill you," said Lady Marjory, drawing the other pistol, "but time presses. Unlock the bag and leave it in the road. I desire but one letter, and that I set against your life."

Varly rose slowly to his feet and unlocked the bag.

"My life is of little worth if I carry an empty bag," he retorted sullenly, flinging the bag at his feet.

"I desire one letter only," replied the girl.

"Then take it, and let me go my way," he said with a quick glance at her horse.

Lady Marjory smiled.

"I would not be overlooked," she said, "neither would I lose so good a steed. Go back a hundred paces and if you move a step nearer before I am again in the saddle, your blood be upon your own head."

"I thought you were no common fellow, though your clothes are rough," he answered, with something like admiration. "I have done enough for the Parliament. Take what you will."

Lady Marjory flung him a couple of gold pieces.

"Take them to lighten your grief," she cried after him, "and if you value your life be silent." Her busy fingers searched the bag until she came upon a letter addressed to Sir John Conyers, Governor of the Tower. This she thrust into her doublet. Then she sprang into the saddle and waving her hand to the man, rode swiftly through the wood.

The sky was grey with the first flush of dawn when she reached Richmond. Thence she rode more slowly towards Westminster. The possession of the letter troubled her. She had not broken the seal, yet she knew what it contained. At best she could only delay her lover's fate. Another order would soon follow and then—. Suddenly a thought flushed her cheeks. She felt the letter in her bosom. It was safe, with luck she might save Sir Godfrey.

Lord Neville's man of business, Mr. Peter Barton, lived in St. Mary Axe. He was a timid man of law, but faithful—so be it his head was not in great danger.

Lady Marjory spurred her horse and rode on more quickly. As she passed Westminster the sun gleamed upon the river, piercing the mists that hung over the marshes. The city beyond still slept.

She drew rein before Mr. Barton's door.

"A servant of the Lord Neville," she answered to the astonished doorkeeper.

The man bowed and ushered her in. She was travel-stained and covered with dust. The business must be urgent, as indeed all business was at that time.

In a few minutes the attorney entered. He was an old man and lean, with a slate-coloured face. He peered at his visitor curiously.

"Is my lord grown stronger?" he began.

"Yes, he returns to health slowly," replied Lady Marjory. "I have business with you; take me to a secret room."

He bowed and led her into an adjoining chamber, in which were deed-boxes, parchments, and such like. Then he closed the door and having locked it turned to her.

She took off her hat.

"I am the Lady Marjory Neville," she said blushing, "and need has made me dress like a man."

Mr. Barton bowed low before her.

"What can I do for your ladyship?" he asked humbly, scarce trusting the evidences of his senses.

She seated herself and drew out her letter.

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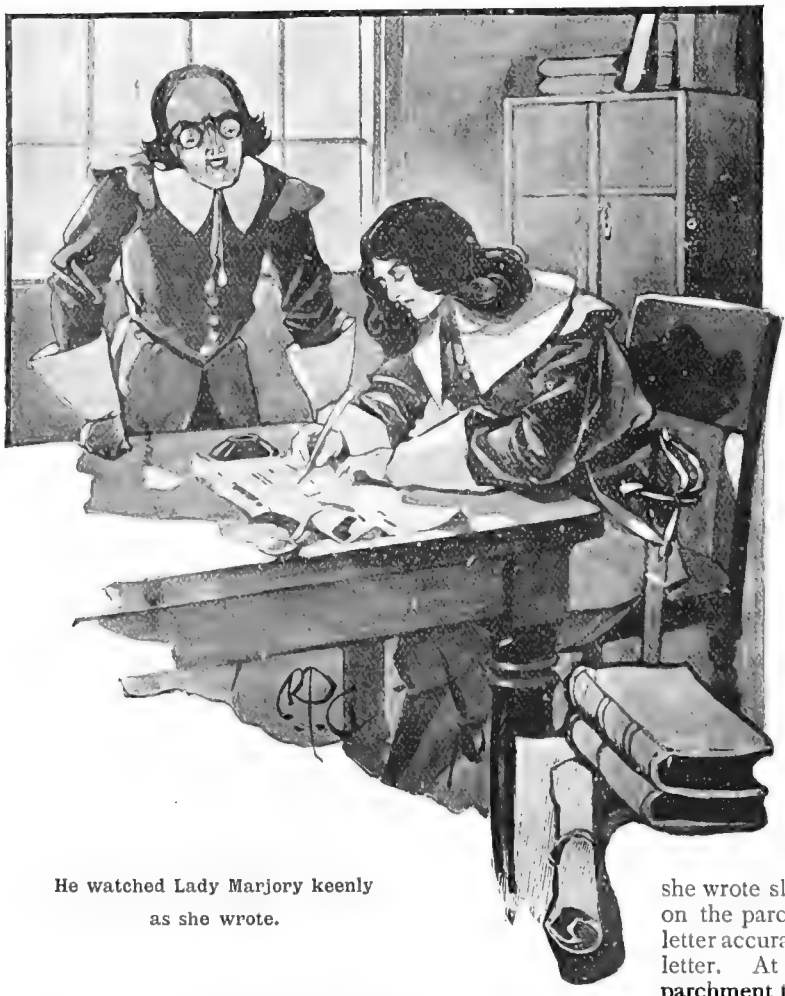

He watched Lady Marjory keenly as she wrote.

"Give me a sharp knife," she answered. He gave her the knife in wondering silence.

With it she began very carefully to open the packet without breaking the seal. Then she drew out the letter. It ran:

To Sir John Conyers, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Let Sir Godfrey Langdale be executed at daybreak.
O. CROMWELL.

A shudder ran through her. How near to death he was. But she recovered herself. There was one chance left. She had skill in drawing and had often amused herself imitating the writing of others, even her father's cramped and crooked characters. She would risk it.

"Give me parchment the same as this," she said, "and a pen."

The attorney's eyes fell upon the letter, and he started back in dismay.

"A warrant of execution!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she replied calmly, "but we will make it an order of release."

"It is impossible, madam," he cried, terror-stricken at the thought — "'twill bring our own heads to the block."

"They will not cut your head off," she replied contemptuously. "My lord is still powerful, albeit the sun is clouded. Give me the parchment."

Without further demur he did as she commanded. The Nevilles were always imperious, and it was ill crossing them. Moreover, the thing had some interest for him. He watched Lady Marjory keenly as she wrote slowly and laboriously on the parchment, copying each letter accurately from the original letter. At length she held the parchment to him.

"Look at it carefully," she commanded, "and tell me if there is an error in it, that a quick eye could perceive."

He read it through slowly. On the parchment she had written:

"Let Sir Godfrey Langdale be set free at daybreak.
O. CROMWELL."

"It is a miracle," the attorney exclaimed. "But the seal, what of the seal?"

"Give me wax and a taper," she answered. "Ah, you understand these matters better. I had not thought to find one so expert."

With a half-guilty smile, the attorney softened the wax and smearing a little under the seal, pressed it down gently on the parchment, so that the old packet showed no sign of having been tampered with. Then Lady Marjory held the taper to the warrant for execution and watched it burn to ashes.

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"So perish all the King's enemies," she said fervently.

"Amen," replied the attorney. "What must I do now, madam?"

"Go at once and hire a sailing vessel to carry a gentleman to France," replied Lady Marjory. "Let it lie below the Tower until I come. Promise them what you will so that they be sure and faithful. Lord Neville will repay you. It is upon the King's business. Make haste lest you find your neck in the rope for this matter," and she tapped the packet.

"I will go at once, madam," the attorney answered eagerly, "and I doubt not that I shall find such a boat as you desire."

Lady Marjory left him and, mounting her horse again, rode to the Tower. It was a hazardous enterprise, but the urgency of the occasion justified all risks. Fortunately, Varly did not know what letter she had taken from the bag, but still in a few hours he must reach the city and a little later the story of his adventure would be known. She was in some danger herself, but of that she thought not at all. The words, "Let Sir Godfrey Langdale be executed at daybreak," had burned themselves into her memory to the exclusion of all others.

"A messenger of Parliament," she answered the keeper of the gate.

The man bowed gravely and flung open the gate. She shivered a little as the iron clanged behind her and she knew there was no turning back.

"I have a message for Sir John Conyers," she said to one of the household.

"What is your message?" the officer inquired looking at her curiously.

"That is for his Excellency's ears," she replied, "and give me leave to say that the matter is urgent, since I am General Cromwell's messenger and have ridden all night lest I should be remiss in my duty."

"Follow me," returned the officer curtly.

He led her through the long passage and up part of a stone stair into a small chamber. Then he turned and looked at her, until her cheeks grew hot.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"I have no name," she returned impatiently, "only the service of my country."

"'Tis a good answer, but what is your message?"

"That is for Sir John Conyers."

"Give it to me, then, for I am he," he answered with a half smile.

She looked at him doubtfully, but there could be no distrusting the calm grey eyes that looked at her. She drew out the packet and gave it to him, feeling almost faint from the throbbing of her heart.

Sir John broke the seal and read the letter. A look of surprise and relief came into his face.

"'Tis very sudden," he murmured, looking again at the signature, and then examining the the seal. "At daybreak, it is nearer to noon. You have lagged on the road," he said sternly.

"I came as fast as my horse could carry me."

"A life might have been lost by your delay. You are too young for such affairs. How do you come to be the General's messenger?"

"My cousin Bob Varly fell ill by the way," returned Lady Marjory bravely, "and he besought me to carry this letter and so save his ears."

"Ah, then you are a good lad, and here is a piece of gold to reward your fidelity, for 'tis no common quality. Go now."

Lady Marjory bowed, her heart almost bursting with joy. She turned towards the door but Sir John Conyers called her suddenly.

"Stay," he said, "though you know it not, you have saved the life of a gentleman who was made for better things than to lose his head on the block. You are but a poor boy; yet he will thank you as readily as if you were noble."

He went out and the girl covered her face trembling. It seemed like an eternity, while she waited. The most trying part of the ordeal was yet to come. What if Sir Godfrey recognised her and in the presence of the Governor? All would be lost. Then she heard voices and praying for strength she stood with bent head before the door.

"I thank you, Sir John," said her lover's voice, "but I will find friends without these walls as I have found them within. A good horse is all I need to carry me over the Surrey hills and that I shall quickly find. I am weary of captivity. Ha, is this the lad?"

He caught Lady Marjory's hand.

"Sweet messenger, I thank you for saving this poor life of mine. Why 'tis but a child, and weary and travel-stained. Come with me, little one, and we will sup together. Farewell, Sir John. Give my duty to Lady Conyers. In happier times I will ask pardon for leaving so suddenly. The order of release! Ah—yes, I had forgotten. Come little one, a cup of wine will cheer your heart."

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At the gate the keeper scrutinised the order, then he flung open the gate; it clanged behind them, and they were free.

"Come, little one," exclaimed Sir Godfrey, his handsome face beaming in the sunshine. "I know a faithful fellow hard by who will give us of his best. The wine will bring back your strength and mine, and then ho for the hills again and the King's cause."

The girl caught his hand.

"Not that way, but to the river."

"The river! What need is there of the river now that I am pardoned? All yesterday I thought on the block and prayed that I might die like a gentleman; but a little voice kept calling me back to life. Boy, you are too young for such matters, but 'twas the voice of a woman and scarce older than you. Nay, by my faith, you shall sup. I have no mind for the river to-day."

"You are still in danger," she whispered hoarsely. "The order of release was forged. The order for execution follows."

His face grew pale.

"Who forged it?" he asked.

"I—Marjory Neville," she answered.

"Marjory!" he exclaimed lifting her bent head. "Marjory! my God! and I did not know you. My poor little maid. Who else could have saved me?"

He would have caught her in his arms, but she would not.

"Godfrey," she whispered, "not now. There is danger to both of us. Let us make for the river. With God's help we shall find a boat there. See, there it is. Let us hasten."

They hastened down to the water's edge. A fishing boat lay waiting with its sails flapping in the wind.

"Good-bye, Godfrey," said the girl, turning her face towards him.

"Good-bye!" he exclaimed, "never again. Are you not also in danger? I go not without you. Do you fear the sea?"

She hesitated a moment.

"A Neville fears naught except dishonour," she answered at last. "But I will wait for you, Godfrey."

This lovely young lady has just arrived in England from America. She may be haughty and proud, but she is charming too!

So buy the LADY'S MAGAZINE at once. It is now on Sale. You will enjoy her adventures.

The Stanlaws girl.

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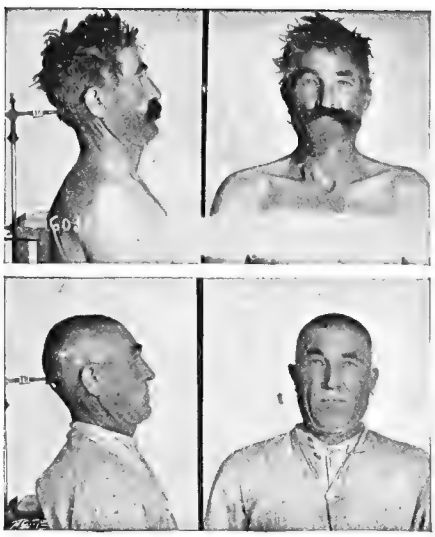
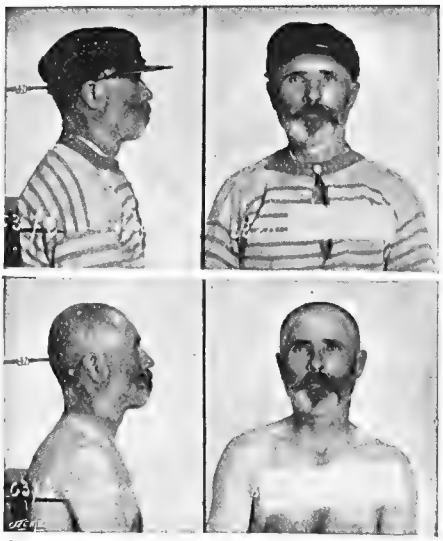


He was convicted for crime with violence.



Judging from his face, you would never believe this man to be a hardened and desperate criminal.

THE DRAGNET OF JUSTICE.

How French Ex-Convicts are Identified.

By George Griffith.

One of the most interesting places in the world to the student of criminology is the strictly guarded and little known island of New Caledonia, which lies far away on the other side of the world, about twelve hundred miles off the east coast of Australia. It is one of the last of the great transportation settlements left in the world, for most nations have recognised the impossibility of transforming home-made criminals into honest colonists, and have decided in favour of seclusion in prisons, just as we did, for instance, when we abolished the convict settlements of Australia and Tasmania.

The reason for this is plain. Crime is a disease, and the criminal pollutes everything he touches. The honest man can only live and work with him in constant danger of moral contagion. In the end he is almost as certain to become contaminated as a healthy person living in a colony of lepers. The criminal seems even to pollute the very place he lives in, the very air he breathes. His vile presence dims the brightness of the sun, the blue of the sky, and the beauty of the earth.

At first sight this may seem somewhat fanciful, and yet it is so. New Caledonia is one of the loveliest spots on earth, but for forty years it has been the abode of thousands of criminals, guilty of every shape and form of crime that human depravity can conceive, and the result is that its moral and social atmosphere is saturated with the miasma of crime, just as the atmosphere of a West African swamp is saturated with the deadly poison of malaria.

What is true of New Caledonia is true in a lesser degree of other countries. Wherever the criminal goes he takes with him the infection of crime. He is a moving centre of moral disease, and when he is brought into contact with those who are constitutionally inclined to contract this disease they will catch it from him as certainly as they would catch leprosy, smallpox, or scarlet fever.

Under our present social system this is unhappily inevitable, but still something can be done to mitigate the evil, to protect society against the deadly infection, and to France is due the credit of having done most in this direction.

A Frenchman was the first to invent, and the French anthorities were the first to adopt a scientific method of identification which has done more to prevent the spread of crime than any other human device yet known.

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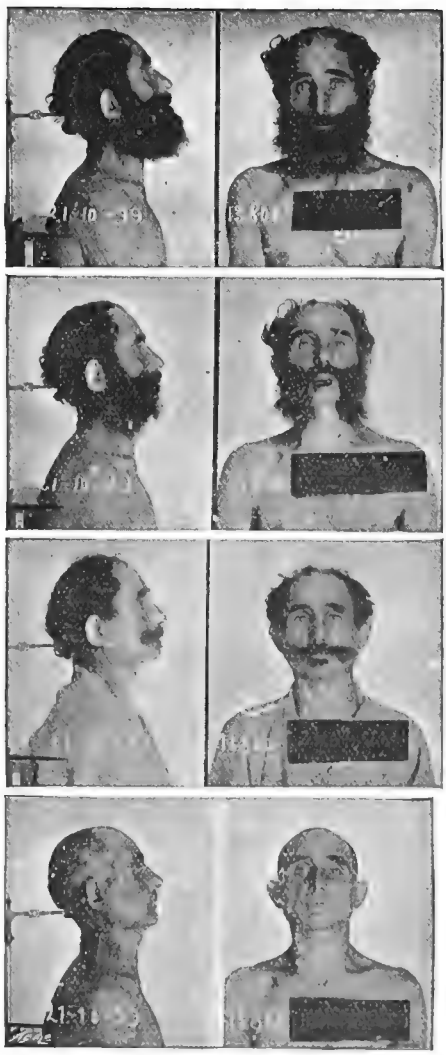
This is the system of Anthropometry and its various developments, which I had the advantage of studying exhaustively during a visit to the great French Penal Colony.

For all criminals save those condemned to perpetual imprisonment—those for whom the opening door of the prison can lead only to the grave—there comes sooner or later a time of release. Now the first object of the freed convict naturally is to lose himself, to disappear from the official eye as rapidly as possible; to cast off the old identity which bears the brand of crime; in short to assume, if possible, a new personality which shall be as difficult of recognition as possible.

But the scientific criminologist knows perfectly well that however completely the criminal may be able to change his external appearance, he can no more alter his inner nature than a leopard can change his spots. Therefore his greatest efforts are employed to make disguise as useless as possible, and moreover to convince the criminal that he can assume no mask which the eye of science cannot pierce.

But how is this to be done? How, for instance, to recognise in the salons, the theatres, or the hotels, or on the boulevards of Paris, the criminal who escaped or was discharged from New Caledonia, say five years ago, and who, under another name and another personality, is living in luxury on a new series of frauds? How identify without the possibility of mistake the assassin, the forger, the thief, or the embezzler of five or ten years ago with the seemingly successful stock-operator or gentleman at large today?



This series shows the various appearances of a Polish anarchist, who fired at Napoleon III. and Alexander II. in the Champs Elysées. He is now a harmless and amiable lunatic.

The disguises which a really clever man with means at his disposal can make use of are almost infinite. The young can be transformed into the old; the hale and strong into the decrepid and weakly; the well-dressed, well-groomed man-about-town into the loafer of the gutters, or even a police-agent. In short a man may disguise himself so that his most intimate friend may pass him in the street or even sit in the same room with him, and take him for an absolute stranger.

It is obvious therefore that a trained and hardened criminal, protected by a practically perfect disguise, may work untold harm, as indeed many a one has done. How is this to be prevented, or, at any rate, guarded against to the greatest possible extent?

I learnt the answer to this question during my visit to the Anthropometric Department in Ile Nou, which is the principal prison and convict depôt in New Caledonia.

Anthropometry, in its simplest meaning, is the measurement of man. Its originator was M. Bertillon. After years of experiments on criminals in the prisons of France he arrived at this conclusion—which has subsequently been confirmed without one exception by thousands of subsequent proofs. Among all the hundreds of millions of human beings inhabiting the earth there are no two whose measurements correspond, or whose features are exactly alike.

They may be so to the casual eye, but put

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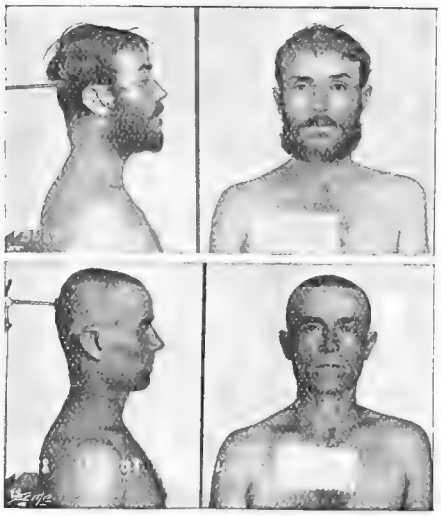
them under the microscope of anthropometry and you will find that they are very different. This seems a somewhat sweeping statement, but I went through a personal experience which convinced me that it comes as near truth as human skill and reason can do. My visit to the prison being a purely voluntary one, I asked to be put under the microscope myself, and I was.

I was measured standing and sitting, the length of my right foot was taken while I was balancing myself on it on a box, so was the length of my right forearm from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger. After this the joints of some of my fingers and the right thumb were measured, and then the greatest length and breadth of my head, the length and width of my left ear, and so on, until a collection of measurements had been taken which would be sufficient to identify me among the whole population of the globe. In fact there was only one operation that I did not go through. That is the one shown in the accompanying illustrations, which are photographs of criminals—necessarily nameless—taken to prevent the possibility of subsequent facial disguise. In my case this was not considered necessary.

In the office of the Department there are the records in duplicate of over five thousand criminals who have been under the anthropometric microscope. I was requested to take out one of these records at random. The Examining Officer asked me about half a dozen questions as to measurements and particulars which I answered from the card, he meanwhile going through various drawers and compartments. Within ten minutes he told me the name of my criminal, and showed me the duplicate of the card I had taken.

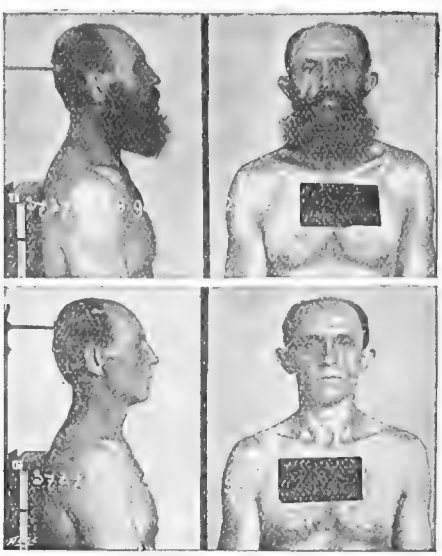
Now it must be remembered that every criminal convicted of a serious offence in a civilised country undergoes this unsparing examination. He is enveloped in the meshes of a vast dragnet, from which there is no escape. Disguise himself outwardly as he may; let him change his social surroundings to any extent; let him be never so successful in deceiving those about him, he still knows that the cabinets of the police-bureaus contain an infallible means of singling him out among millions, and proving beyond possibility of doubt the manner of man he really is.



This man, who was convicted for some crime of brutal violence, is insane.

Moreover, let him make the slightest slip that brings him within the clutches of the law, and he will be measured again. There are certain measurements which never alter after the body has once reached maturity, and no two of these have ever been found to coincide in two different human beings. Hence the criminal stands at once revealed, and means are taken to prevent him doing any more harm to society for a considerable time.

But there is more than measurement in this wonderful system. The most minute personal peculiarities are noted. The smallest scar, the slightest malformation of nose or mouth or ears or eyes, or of hands or



Chief marks of identification—facial angle (small), ears and chin. Here the beard has been used as disguise.

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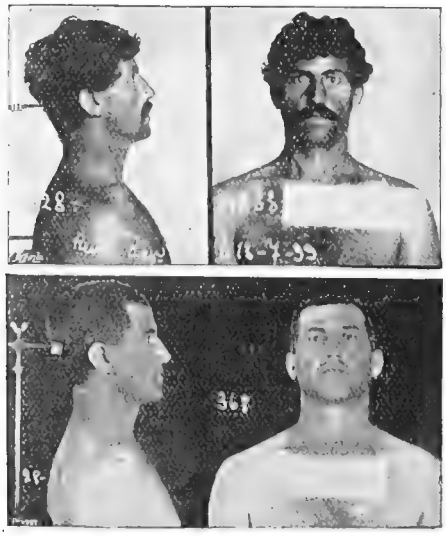

A hopeless, irreclaimable criminal.

feet, are all noted, and when the criminal escapes or is released he is followed by this other-self in figures, this mathematical spectre, from which he can never hope to escape.

Then, again, there are the eyes, the most characteristic feature, which no man can alter. Thousands of human eyes have been examined, catalogued and brought into a certain number of categories or divisions, each containing three details—colour, shape, and size ; and when once a criminal's eyes have been located in one of these divisions, the trackers of justice can see at a glance the first link in the chain of identification.

Some of the most astonishing captures, of which the most meagre details, if any, have appeared in newspapers, have been made by smart detectives following up this clue. Every convicted criminal of any importance in Europe has by this time been through the anthropometric mill. No two human beings have eyes exactly alike. No two in fifty thousand have eyes, nose, and ears alike. No two in a million have eyes, nose, ears, and mouth, taken together, so much alike that they could be mistaken for each other—and so on.

Still the shape of the head, and the appearance of nose, mouth, and chin can be disguised beyond recognition by altering the growth of hair on the head and its distribution on the face. How amazingly, almost incredibly, a man's appearance may be altered by the partial or total absence or presence of hair on the head and face is shown by the unique series of photographs which are here reproduced.

The casual observer could not possibly recognise the shaven and the unshaven, the cropped and the uncropped as the same men; but under the eyes of the trained detective, whose business it is to run down a given criminal, or to identify the members of a gang of malefactors, the hirsute disguise is of no avail whatever. He already possesses photographs showing exactly what his man should really be like, no matter whether he grew his hair long, and cultivated a full

A decent-looking man with the beard; without the beard a typical criminal.

beard, whether he wore the moustache and hair *à l'Anglais*, or whether he went clean shaven.

Before a French convict leaves prison a series of photographs like these have been taken. The detective has either seen copies of them or has them with him. He also has the record of the eyes and ears—a most potent means, by the way, of identification. He knows exactly the shape of the mouth and chin hidden under the full beard and moustache; he knows the true form of the skull which is concealed by the shaggy mop of hair, or it may be, the carefully trained locks of the ex-convict artist, or poet.

So he puts two and two and four and four together. Two and two *might* by some miracle be wrong; four and four cannot be, and so he communicates with the police of the district in which he has run his man

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down, produces his particulars of identification, and the man is quietly arrested on suspicion.

He may protest innocence as he pleases, but anthropometry does not make mistakes. If he is innocent there is no reason why he should object to a few measurements being taken. To object shows fear, and fear shows guilt, so he is measured all the same, and in ten minutes he stands confronted with his former self.

The mist of disguise in which he has enveloped his true personality swiftly vanishes under the pitiless searchlight of science, and there he stands convicted beyond hope of refutation *by himself.* His head, his ears, his eyes, his very finger-joints have testified against him, and their evidence cannot lie.

Further, as though even this were not enough, his finger tips can be made to testify infallibly against him, for when he was

A Hercules with the moral strength of a child.

received into prison the tips of his right thumb and of the fore, middle, and third fingers were inked and an impression taken of them. Among all the tens of thousands of these impressions that have been taken no two have ever been found to exactly coincide. They are literally a man's sign-manual, a signature which he cannot repudiate or go back upon, wherefore if he has once "signed on" as a criminal his signature will identify him infallibly any number of years afterwards.

If you wish to test what I say, smear a little Indian ink evenly over a smooth surface like marble or slate, put your thumb or any of your fingers edgeways in this and turn slowly over till the nail becomes again perpendicular. Then put the thumb or finger in the same position on a piece of white paper and turn it slowly over just as you did in the ink.

Let this dry and then examine both with a good magnifying glass. You will find that your marks are absolutely different from mine. Get any number of your friends to do the same, and you will find that there are just as many differences as there are fingers or thumbs.

Thus out of the infinite variety of Nature has come a means of infallibly identifying those who transgress her laws.

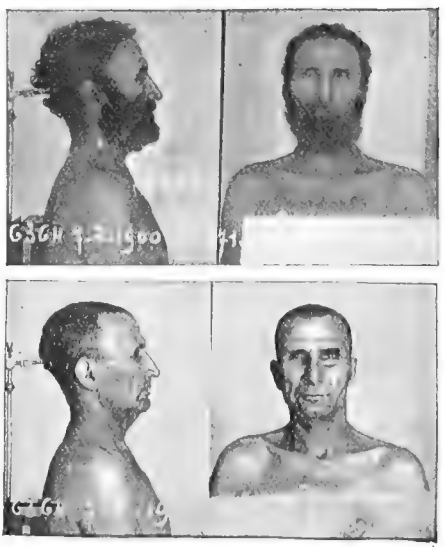
Here, by way of conclusion, is a little anecdote which goes far to make my meaning plain. A friend of mine was once paying a visit to Professor Lombroso, the famous Italian criminologist.

The walls of his museum are covered with photographs, phrenological delineations, and casts of the most celebrated criminals known to history. My friend, who makes rather a hobby of French history, stopped before one of the casts and said:

"That's a remarkably fine mask of Napoleon, Professor, but what is he doing among your criminals?"

"That," laughed Lombroso, "is not Napoleon. It is your celebrated murderer Deeming. I assure you, my friend, it's a very true and wonderful likeness."

Poor Napoleon!



A typical criminal.

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By Spencer Leigh Hughes.

All those who are acquainted with the inside of the Palace of Westminster, will remember the corridor which leads from the Members' Lobby to the Library. It is a gloomy passage in which members may often be seen exchanging views as to "the potentialities of the situation," and where journalists converse with public men who pretend to shrink from anything of the nature of an interview, but who long to see their names in print.

On each side of the corridor there are lockers—rows of oaken cupboards—in which the honourable gentlemen store all sorts of treasures, such as cigars, prospectuses, blue books that are never read, reports of committees, select and quite otherwise, begging letters and subscription lists not a few. The lockers stand out from the wall, so that the top, which is flat, forms a sort of shelf some seven feet from the floor, and on it members often place small hand-bags which they do not wish to carry about the building.

It happened that on a certain Thursday afternoon, in the earlier portion of a recent session, Mr. Banks, the senior member for the important borough of Northtown, visited his locker which was conveniently placed near the entrance to the Lobby, and while engaged there was spoken to by a journalist. Becoming interested in the conversation Mr. Banks closed the locker door and walked away with his companion, not noticing that he had left the key in the keyhole. In less than five minutes Mr. Charles Edward Tyson, the junior member for Northtown, came bustling along the passage, and hurriedly placing a small leather bag, on each side of which the letters C.E.T. were painted, on the top of the lockers, passed on to the library.

Though these two gentlemen represented the same constituency, they belonged to different political parties, and as the quidnuncs of Northtown were wont to observe, "there was no love lost between Banks and Tyson." There was, of course, no open incivility as a rule in their conduct with regard to each other, but there was a deadly rivalry, in such matters as divisions attended, questions asked, speeches delivered, and visits paid to Northtown. On one matter only did they act in common, for the instinct of self-preservation led them to compare notes about demands for subscriptions from football and cricket clubs and other non-political societies, as the honourable gentlemen found it cheaper to abstain from rivalry on this point and to act alike.

On the afternoon when Mr. Banks had left his keys dangling from his locker door, and Mr. Tyson had placed his bag within a few feet of the place, a young and irresponsible member, Bobby Trevor, came strolling along the passage engaged in the most serious Parliamentary undertaking of killing time. Bobby noticed the keys, he saw the bag, and he observed that no one other than himself was in the corridor, except a policeman who was at the other end, and was looking another way. Now Bobby had no notion as to the ownership either of the locker or the bag, but, chuckling to himself, he quietly took the bag, placed it in the locker, turned the key in the hole, and leaving it there, went into the House. Within

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a few minutes Mr. Banks missed his keys, and hurried to his locker. He ascertained that the door was locked, and so without opening it, he pocketed his keys and went his way.

Half an hour later Mr. Tyson was making a fine commotion in the corridor about his missing bag. He first of all mentioned the matter to a constable on duty, but the constable knew nothing about it, not having seen a bag placed on the shelf or removed from it.

"Sure you placed it there, Sir?" asked the polite custodian.

"Of course I'm sure," replied the testy member, "as sure as that I'm standing here."

"Then some gentleman must have taken it by mistake," suggested the officer.

"But it's got my initials on each side," said Mr. Tyson. "Nobody could mistake it."

"If it's marked like that, Sir, it's sure to be returned sooner or later," was the soothing reply; but Mr. Tyson was not prepared to let the softest answer turn away his wrath, for, though he did not tell the constable, the fact was that he meant to speak in the House during the evening, and the bag contained a number of papers absolutely essential to the success of his speech.

He fumed about the Lobby, telling his friends everywhere of his loss and declaring that the place was filled with thieves—belonging, of course, to the opposite party. He swore that he was the victim of a vile plot, and he enjoined the constable to watch carefully to see if any one returned the bag.

"If I find out who's done this thing," he said, bringing the two first fingers of his right hand smartly into the palm of his left—a favourite trick of his when excited—"I'll prosecute him if he's the biggest man on either of the front benches—that I will."

Meantime the occupants of the Lobby took but a mild interest in his woes.

"What's Tyson so busy about?" asked a journalist of a colleague. "Surely he's not got hold of anything worth hearing."

"Not he," said the other, "the day of miracles has gone by. He swears someone has sneaked a bag of his from the corridor there, and he's owned up to his intimate friends that it was stuffed with notes for a speech to-night, so now he can't favour us at all!"

"What! all his little carefully prepared impromptus at one fell swoop?" chuckled the abandoned newspaper man, "I wish someone would sneak all their notes—then perhaps we might have a count out."

The infuriated Tyson tried to sit still in the House, but failed. He glared at the inoffensive gentlemen opposite, vowing to himself that they were all thieves, burglars, and pick-pockets. He stalked gloomily up and down the corridor, hoping he would see someone come furtively with the purloined bag in his hand—but he watched in vain.

At the dinner table he recited his wrongs with the utmost vigour, but he failed to arouse much sympathy, for men can bear the trials of others with the utmost composure, and even members of Parliament are human.

"Sure you placed it there, Sir?" asked the polite custodian.

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Some of his friends regarded the whole affair with what he considered to be indecent levity.

"I hope the contents will bear examination," remarked a lively junior whip. "No dynamite, eh? Nothing in the bomb line?"

"Cheer up, Tyson," said a heartless wag—"I don't suspect you. I'll bet there's nothing in the bag worse than some of your jokes. They're deadly enough—but they won't go off, anyhow."

"More like damp squibs than infernal machines, I expect," pursued a third.

"No, no," chimed in another, "there'll be nothing damp discovered—those notes will be dry enough whatever else may be said about them."

"Why not stick up a notice about it," asked a trifler, "and explain that the contents are of no value to anyone but the owner—and not much good to him?"

"It's my opinion," continued an honourable friend, "that the Leader of the House has collared that bag. He's jealous of your growing reputation, Tyson. Why, when you spoke the other day there were at least ten men in the House, and I'll swear two of them were awake, for I saw them yawning."

The victim of these unfeeling jests made no direct reply to them, but kept up a series of growling assertions to the effect that there were men about the place, lots of them too, who ought to wear handcuffs day and night.

His gloomy discontent developed into savage fury when, as he sat in the smoke-room after dinner, the tape machine ticked out the name of Mr. Banks, and thus conveyed to the junior member for Northtown the information that his hated rival was up. Mr. Tyson stalked into the House and listened to the voice of the detested Banks. He looked scornful, but he knew in his soul that Mr. Banks was making a successful speech, and he groaned in spirit because he could not reply. Again he marched round the Lobby, explaining to his friends that if only the bag had not disappeared, he could have crushed Banks. "I'd have wiped the floor with the fellow" he declared; "I'd have reduced him to pulp. He'd have wanted to go and hang himself when I'd finished with him—and before that, too."

But again his fury failed to impress.

"Put down a question to the Home Secretary," said one. "He looks after the police."

"Or move for a Select Committee, or a Special Commission," suggested another.

"Why not tell the press all about it?" asked a third, and Mr. Tyson thought there might be something in the suggestion. He imparted his wrongs to some of the London letter writers in the Lobby, and was quite touched by the sympathetic tone of their remarks. But the next day he was surprised and disgusted to notice that such gentlemen as had noticed the affair at all in their papers, mentioned it as "one of the humours of the session," or "a quaint incident in a dull sitting," or as "an amusing affair which was the cause of not a few jokes in the Lobby last night."

The culprit, Mr. Bobby Trevor, whose thoughtless act had caused all the trouble, had left the House before Mr. Tyson had discovered his loss, nor did the affair return to his memory during the night.

On the next day, a Friday, neither Mr. Banks nor Mr. Trevor came to the House, though Mr. Tyson was there through the whole of the sitting. He had clung to the hope that perhaps someone had taken the bag by mistake, in which case it would be returned during the day. But as the hours passed and the bag did not make its appearance, Mr. Tyson spanked the palm of his left hand with the fingers of his right more than ever, and hissed between his clenched teeth, "Now I *know* it's a case of theft, of barefaced, impudent, downright robbery. The fellow who has done this will one day find himself on the treadmill, and will probably later on meet his just doom on the scaffold."

When the House rose that night the members adjourned for the Easter recess, and during the fortnight's holiday the two members for Northtown visited their constituents. It chanced that they both attended a charity dinner in the town, on which occasion they occupied adjoining chairs.

"I noticed something in the papers," said Mr. Banks, "about you having mislaid a bag, or something of the sort, in the House. Have you heard anything about it?"

"I mislaid no bag, my dear sir," replied the peppery Tyson. "But a bag of mine, containing documents of the utmost importance, was basely and maliciously stolen. I suspect a plot, a conspiracy. Had that bag been untouched, I could have answered that speech you made the day before the Easter adjournment, and could have left you without the ghost of a case."

Mr. Banks laughed, and said, rather cynically, that men's undelivered speeches were always such wonders. Mr. Tyson

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remembered that laugh and that sneer later, but at the time he let them pass.

The ingenious Trevor had also noticed the paragraphs about Mr. Tyson, and as he read the papers he took counsel with himself. "I suppose Tyson must be the Johnny whose bag I popped in the other man's locker. I half wish now I hadn't done it, but I don't see what I can do now. I haven't the least notion into what locker I put it. Better wait and let events develop themselves. The fellow must find it there before long, and if he's any sense, he'll just pitch it on the top again, and then Tyson will be able to hug his treasure to his honourable chest again." And so Bobby Trevor made no sign.

The day for the reassembling of Parliament after the Easter recess came round at last, and the members buzzed about the Lobby exchanging notes about their holiday experiences, as members do on such occasions.

Mr. Banks was there, and seeing his colleague, he called out.

"Oh, Tyson! I've a few of those begging letters that we generally consult each other about. Shall we go through them together?"

"By all means," answered the junior member. "I have some too—no doubt very much the same as yours."

"Well," continued Mr. Banks, "I think the best plan will be for me to get a paper from my locker which shows how we have dealt with some of these claims in the past. Come along. By the way, heard anything of that wonderful bag?"

Mr. Banks laughed, and said, rather cynically, that men's undelivered speeches were always such wonders.

"Not a word," growled Tyson.

"Don't you think it's all a dream?" chuckled the cheery Banks, fitting his key in the locker door.

"That bag is as real—" began Tyson testily, when the door was opened and he started back.

"Hullo, what's this?" asked Mr. Banks, pulling out a leather bag.

"What's this?" shouted his excited colleague, "you know what it is well

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enough. That's my bag, and I want to know what it's doing in your locker—answer me that, answer me that!"—and he smote his left palm with those right fingers with a crack like a pistol shot.

Mr. Banks went very red. "I know nothing about the beastly bag," he replied, speaking loudly, too.

There were many men about, and they began to gather near. The word went round that Tyson's long-lost bag had been found in Banks's locker—it was considered too good a joke to be true. Meantime the storm raged between the two, neither of whom regarded the matter as a joke.

"Never mind whether the bag's 'beastly' or not," said Tyson in a half whisper of enforced calm, which was more terrible than his fury—"but tell me, if you can, how it got in that locker"—and he tapped the other member's chest, as solemnly as the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod taps at the door of the Commons.

"I tell you I don't know," roared Banks, "and what's more I don't care!"

"Don't try to bully me, Sir," rejoined Tyson. "That bag was removed at the moment when its absence proved of the utmost value to you. I find it in that place"—and he tapped the cupboard door—"locked in there, and you alone have the key to that door. Now, Sir, what have you to say?"

"Confound it, man, you talk to me as if you were a bullying Old Bailey lawyer!"

"And you seem to me to have acted like a man who has good reason to dislike all lawyers, and also to shrink from the Old Bailey."

"Have a care, Sir, what you say," bawled Banks in a towering passion.

"Why should I care?" retorted Tyson, "you are the man who should care. Do you see those initials 'C.E.T.' on the bag?"

"Of course I see them, they stand for Church of England Temperance, don't they?"

"They do not, Sir, they stand for Charles Edward Tyson, as you know full well. That bag is mine. It could not have walked into your locker. It could not have slipped in through the keyhole. It was placed there, and who benefited chiefly by its abduction? You did! I remember your leering laugh at the dinner last week in Northtown, and your sneer about undelivered speeches. Fearing to meet me in open fight you deprived me of my ammunition!"

During the delivery of this impeachment, accompanied by many of Mr. Tyson's finest oratorical gestures, Mr. Banks was going livid, and felt inclined to prance with rage.

"I've had enough of this," he gasped at length, "it would take more than a bag to make me fear to meet you in debate—yes, and more than a heap of bags as big as the blessed Pyramids."

"Never mind about the Pyramids," replied Mr. Tyson, and then, speaking very slowly, he asked, "How—did—that—bag—get—in—that—locker?"

"Look here, Tyson," was the answer, "I'm not going to stand here and submit to your cross-examination any longer. I've told you that I neither know nor care how the bag got there. If you had a grain of sense you must see that if I had known it was there I should not have opened the door in your presence."

"People of a certain class need good memories," remarked Tyson pointedly.

"And there are others equally in need of good manners," snapped Banks; "and this I insist on: you shall open that bag here and now and see whether its precious contents are complete."

"Oh, I've no doubt they are all right. Their destruction was unnecessary—opportune suppression was sufficient."

Mr. Banks drummed the floor with his foot, while Mr. Tyson looked inside the bag. "There is nothing missing," he said at length.

"Then I wish you good day," observed Mr. Banks with a very formal bow, "though I scarcely feel safe in going without obtaining a receipt"—and away he walked.

Mr. Tyson went in the other direction, clutching his bag.

By this time every one in the House had heard of the strange restoration of Mr. Tyson's property, and his friends gathered round him.

"You had better sit on the thing," said one, "or you'll have it floating in the air."

"Stick it under your chair at dinner and keep your foot against it as I've seen chaps in my constituency do with a bottle of wine," added another.

"The notes will come in all right," pursued a third, "because your speeches are never about anything in particular, and not much in general."

"I heard you telling Banks that bags don't walk, but there are several pairs of bags on legs in this House, and outside too," was the remark of someone else.

Mr. Banks, also, was engaged in explaining matters, as far as he could explain them with his friends. "I know no more about the bag

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than the man in the moon knows," he said solemnly, so his friends, like Mr. Tyson's, tried to offer explanations.

"You often sleep in the House, Banks," said one. "Perhaps you walk in your sleep, and do other things unconsciously."

"If you didn't collar the bag, Banks," remarked someone else, "you deserve our sympathy, but if you did, you have earned our gratitude, for you saved the House from a Tyson speech, and that is no slight service."

Mr. Banks went very red. "I know nothing about the beastly bag," he replied.

Of course, the mystery was of the greatest service to the press. The discovery of the bag was written up with the greatest vivacity and spirit, and what was described as the "animated conversation" between the two members for Northtown lost nothing in its reproduction in the newspapers. The most learned theories were propounded, about occult influences, about mysterious forces which convey solid bodies, apparently without reason, over continents and oceans, verses and epigrams were written about what was facetiously described as this latest development of the "bag and baggage policy."

Even the *Times* noticed the affair in a leading article which was steadily humorous through three paragraphs! The two rival papers in Northtown slashed at each other with incredible fury, the combatants meeting in the early hours of the morning with the greatest good humour.

But the two men chiefly concerned could never be brought to see the comic side of the incident, and after this, whenever Mr. Banks was asked for his opinion of Mr. Tyson, he would say, "I always knew that Tyson was a man of very limited intelligence, but only since the day when his bag was found in my locker, have I known that he is as big a fool as he looks."

Mr. Tyson's opinion of Mr. Banks was equally vigorous, though not quite so elaborately expressed. "It is my belief," he would say, "that Banks is a cold-blooded scoundrel."

Each had been innocently deceived about the other, but one may hope that they will forget their unjust suspicions now that, with the consent of the penitent Trevor, who has since become a peer of the realm, this explanation clears up a Lobby Mystery.

That ingenious nobleman has the satisfaction of knowing that his thoughtless act has indirectly, but very really, benefited many deserving institutions in Northtown. For when Messrs. Banks and Tyson ceased to speak to each other they, of course, gave up the habit of consulting about subscription lists. Each tried to out-do the other, and if one sent a cheque for some local charity, the other scrawled a larger cheque in a fury, and sent it down as a sort of retort.

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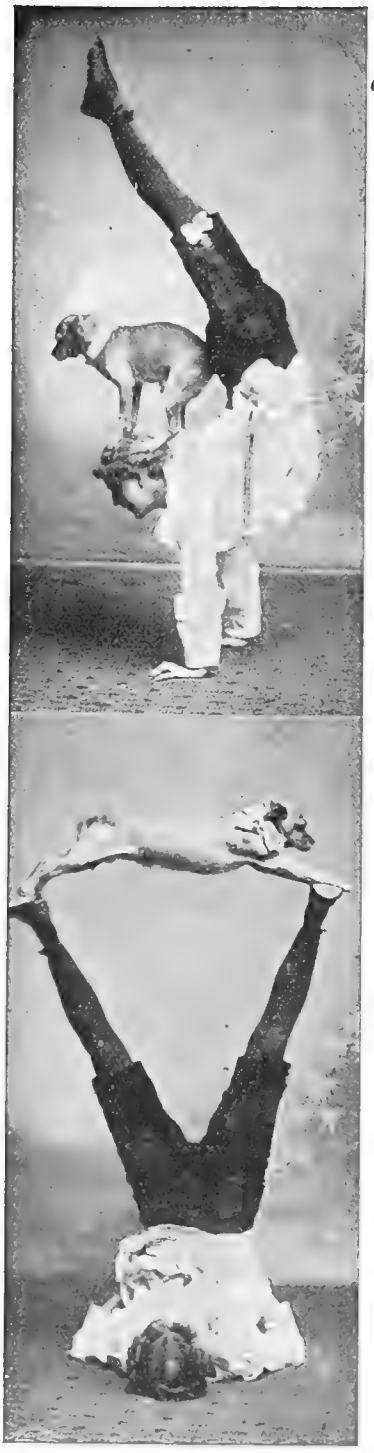

Two of the dog Zaza's acrobatic feats.

ZAZA THE ACROBAT

By H. L. Adam.

One of the best canine performances which have ever been seen in London was undoubtedly that which Mr. Dundas Slater introduced to his patrons at the Alhambra Theatre not long since. The "turn" was entitled "Irene la Tour and 'Zaza.'" The latter is a remarkably human-faced dog — a mixture of pug and terrier—who performs with astounding celerity, and amusing *sang froid*, many very difficult acrobatic evolutions about the body of his mistress, Miss la Tour.

A small, and very pretty dog was Zaza—what ninety-nine out of a hundred ladies would call sweet. His eyes were large and lustrous, and beaming with good natured intelligence.

The "act" opens with a few contortions on the stage by Miss la Tour, a pretty little American lady. She is attired in a fancy costume, something after the style of that which is worn by those who sing in praise of "coons" and "yaller gals." Zaza sits benignantly and self-contained on a chair close by, watching with a certain air of superiority the antics of his mistress.

Presently the time arrives to display his agility. Down he jumps from his chair, and trots on to Miss la Tour's prostrate body, walking up and down her as she turns and twists, perching himself on her shoulder, on her head, on her back, anon assuming the perpendicular or stretching horizontal at full length. The dog does all these movements with the utmost ease and dexterity, never once losing his balance or failing in a trick.

I subsequently had an interview with Zaza and congratulated him. He indicated that there was really nothing to make a fuss about, in true doggy fashion, by turning his back upon me and wagging "Tut! tut!" with his tail.

I learned from Miss la Tour that Zaza had been at his tricks for a great number of years already. It was interesting to learn that he initiated his own performance in a very ready and somewhat unconventional manner. The lady was one day rehearsing some acrobatic movements in the presence of Zaza, when the latter voluntarily joined in, and displayed several of his tricks.

At once the idea occurred to the lady to encourage this aptitude and elaborate it into an entire performance —to "star" Zaza, so to speak. Needless to say, the

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consummation of this project was not long delayed, for the pupil practically led the tutor. As a proof of how remarkable is the instinct of this dog it may be mentioned that he occasionally introduces new tricks himself. He will unexpectedly take up a new position during a performance, and is encouraged to repeat it.

I was informed by Miss la Tour—who was naturally very eloquent and enthusiastic concerning her talented friend—that Zaza was also possessed of a remarkably vigorous constitution, and had encountered many mishaps, passing through all with mind and body unimpaired. He had, for instance, been kicked by a horse, fallen downstairs, been lost, annexed by dog fanciers, and subjected to many other misfortunes to which a dog is heir.

Then, said his mistress, with suddenly overcast face, he swears! Had I ever heard a dog swear, she inquired. I was unable to reply in the affirmative, not having graduated in canine oaths. My reply was, therefore, in the negative. Miss la Tour then proceeded to encourage Zaza to swear for my especial benefit. He kindly growled savagely, winding up with a few mysterious and inarticulate sounds, like those which sometimes proceed from a phonograph. These, I was given to understand, were "swear words." I accepted them as such.

Perfectly at home.

When Miss la Tour twists around on hands and feet, Zaza walks over her body with the utmost sangfroid.

A queer position.

During the performance Miss la Tour uses a velvet pad for her chin. This Zaza always carries off at the end of the performance. He originally elected to do this, and he has always been allowed the privilege since.

The dog is a great traveller, and has been practically all over the world. He is taken about in a long box, with compartments, and a perforated metal front. During last season alone, whilst touring with Chas. H. Yale's spectacular production of "The Devil's Auction," Zaza covered considerably over 20,000 miles in eight months.

Sometimes Zaza is possessed of a mischievous spirit, and his mistress recalls an occasion when he deliberately took advantage of her occupying a somewhat delicate balancing position, to knock roughly against and upset her. No doubt he argued that all work and no play was likely to make Zaza a dull dog.

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The Peril of the Emperor

By Caroline Lovell.

"You wish to speak to me especially?

"I have something of vital importance to communicate to Your Majesty."

"Very well."

"Your Majesty must be prepared for the worst. A disaster has occurred."

"Proceed."

"Ivanof has eluded the police. He has escaped and is at this moment in Laville."

The face of Her Majesty seemed turned to stone. After a pause, she asked, huskily:

"How do you know this?"

"We have had six telegrams since ten o'clock. He was finally located in Darmstadt yesterday, and the police expected to have their hands on him by this morning. They captured four of the conspirators, but Ivanof escaped during the night. The Nihilists have had the audacity to avow the plot, saying that Ivanof was already in Laville and the crime as good as committed, as it was to take place during the morning procession."

"Which is now over," and Her Majesty's face relaxed.

"Yes, but to-night?"

"True, true! To-night! And Ivanof in Laville! Oh, God!" She wrung her hands and walked backwards and forwards. Then she turned furiously. "Miserable creatures! How dare they let him escape?"

"Your Majesty," the man said earnestly, "everything was done that human power could do. You know this man's or woman's—for we are not sure of the sex—wonderful cunning. Never before in the unearthing of all his plots have we been able to put a finger on him. For the first time in the three years we have been searching he has been located."

"And escapes!"

"Your Majesty," the man said, with deep respect, "we have things to consider now of much more importance than where the fault lies."

"You are right. What do you propose to do?"

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"His Majesty must be prevented from taking part in the procession to-night, or we must give up the procession."

"You could invent no excuse that would satisfy him. No, the procession must take place, but he must not be in it."

"But, the people will be—" the man stammered.

"Something must take his place in the coach."

"Your Majesty means somebody—"

"That might be murdered. I mean something."

"A statue?"

"A figure," she said, and stood up quickly. "Leave it all to me!"

Then she hurried away to the apartment of her son, Alexis, the Emperor.

* * * * *

Night had fallen, and the city was brilliant with illuminations. The State carriage, surrounded by a square of mounted dragoons, waited in front of the Embassy. The thousands lining the boulevard and filling windows and balconies were gratified, after hours of patient waiting, by seeing the Emperor, clad in glittering uniform, descend the steps and enter the coach. What they did not see was Alexis, wrapped in a long cloak, which had been handed to him by a footman as he stepped out of the door on the opposite side of the carriage, just as it was about to start, re-enter the Embassy by a door opening on the street. His mother was waiting in his dressing-room, and kissed him fervently as she bade him go to bed at once and have a good night's rest.

After she had gone, he blew out the candles and opened the window. It was a glorious night, fresh and bracing. He seated himself on the sill and looked up and down the boulevard. As far as eye could reach in either direction there was a diminishing perspective of brilliancy. Illuminated designs were erected at regular intervals, between which were standards bearing the fluttering flags of the two countries, while the fronts of the houses were adorned with crimson velvet, gold-fringed draperies, garlands of green bound in ribbon and lighted coloured lanterns.

The nation was doing fitting honour to its illustrious guest. The street was black with people, and Alexis could still hear the roar, growing fainter and fainter, as the *cortège* moved further away. He laughed aloud as he lit his cigar, put both his feet on the window-sill, and leaned his back against the casement, his hands clasped around his knees. Suddenly his face became illuminated with joy. He threw away his cigar, lit a candle, and began tearing off his uniform, pitching his decorations on to the dressing-table. When his valet knocked, the Emperor informed him that he did not need his services as he was ready for bed at that moment. Before twenty minutes had passed, the Emperor slipped into the street, a very tall, broad-shouldered civilian, wearing a brown tweed suit and a crush hat.

Calculating where he would be most likely to have a fine view of the procession, he made for the Place Royal, his spirits rising with every step as he strode along the thronged and brilliant streets. The Emperor was quite six feet two, and could very easily see over the heads of an ordinary throng, but he preferred a more comprehensive range, and, looking about him rapidly, saw his opportunity. He was near one of the great statues which encircled the Place. Against this a ladder had been planted, up which men and boys were swarming. Striding forward through the crowd, he asked the price, paid his handful of sous, and in a moment was congratulating himself on his prudence.

Up in the pure, fresh air, out of the surging crush, he climbed above the others, and seated himself comfortably in the capacious lap of the stone goddess, and swept the great plain below him with a single glance; then, lighting a fresh cigar, he proceeded to enjoy himself to the utmost.

The statue below him was covered with men and boys, a respectable, middle-aged couple and one stout, unattractive-looking girl, who sat with her feet over the edge of the pedestal, addressed facetious remarks to an appreciative audience below. In every direction men in blouses were mounted on ladders patiently lighting one by one the millions of gas jets. Carriages were pushing up to the edge of the asphalt to secure desirable positions, and a steady hum rose from the moving throng pouring into the Place.

At this moment Alexis heard a deliciously sweet young voice saying anxiously:

"Is there still a place?" He looked down and beheld the owner of the voice, standing near the top of the ladder, lifting up one of the loveliest faces he had ever seen.

"Certainly, certainly," a chorus of voices responded, and one or two of the boys slapped their knees suggestively and held out their arms with encouraging smiles.

A wave of crimson stained the creaminess of her skin, and, feeling every vein tingle

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with fury, Alexis leaned down and held out his hand.

"There is plenty of room up here," he said politely.

With a glance of deep gratitude, she took his outstretched hand and mounted to his side. He had seen myriads of pretty women but never before in all his existence a face that interested him more. Her profile, with its small, aquiline, high-bred nose, full, clearly-cut lips and strong chin, indicated determination and force of character as well as beauty. Her eyes were long rather than large, and of an indescribable depth and fire, topaz in colour and darkened by the black of the lashes and brows; while her hair was bronze in effect and of a crimpy waviness. She was dressed entirely in black, a full cape reaching below the waist, and her face was shaded by a wide hat covered with plumes.

The girl below was singing an audacious song, balancing herself on the edge of the pedestal, and holding her parasol as a violin. The men surrounding her urged her on, and the floating audience below applauded. Alexis felt his face burn, and glanced apprehensively towards his companion, but she was deeply absorbed, leaning forward with parted lips and heightened colour.

A body of horsemen was clashing across the bridge, their breast-plates glittering in the light, and the horse tails floating from their helmets, to prepare the way for the coming of the Emperor. Somehow, somewhere the people were crushed back and a broad open space left diagonally across the Place, lined on either side with horsemen facing the centre, and so close together that their knees almost touched.

"Is that for the passage of the Emperor?" the girl asked, turning toward him for the first time.

"Yes," he answered.

"But I thought the procession was to pass right under this monument."

"It seems not."

"Then I must get down," she said rising.

"Impossible!" he protested. "You cannot go into that crowd."

"Oh, I don't mind in the least, and I must see the Emperor."

"You would not be able to see if you got down! You could not see over the heads of that crowd."

"No, but I could make my way to the front."

"You would be crushed to death."

Suddenly she smiled divinely at him. Her teeth were pearly white, and heaven seemed in her eyes.

"I want to see the Emperor *so* much," she pleaded; "I have never seen him; that is all I came for. Will you not help me down?"

His strength turned to weakness.

"Wait," he said, and scrambled down to the base of the statue. In a moment he was back, joy shining in his eyes. "They have taken away the ladder, and it is fully fourteen feet to the ground." Then, seeing the look on her face, he added earnestly: "I promise you that you shall see him. You know there will be another chance to-night on the way back, and we will get good places on the avenue."

She was silent for a while; then she turned to him.

"You promise me?" she said, unconsciously putting one gloved hand on his knee and looking deep into his eyes.

An electric thrill seemed to pass through his whole being.

"Yes, I promise," he answered, and sat, tingling all over, as she withdrew her hand and leaned forward with contracted brows.

About this time there arose a murmur as of the wind, from far off, from no one knows where, which swept like a breeze over the throng, then died away and rose again.

Across the river, silhouetted against the light, came a dashing cavalcade along the opposite bank. In an instant it struck the bridge and came swinging over at a spanking pace. First a company of dragoons, leaping on their horses, with uniforms glittering and swords clanking. Then the royal coach, all crimson and gold, surrounded by a compact square of cavalry, their swords gleaming in the light.

The murmur rose into a deep, steady roar, which accompanied the speeding carriage as a wave, flowing across the Place, amidst a frantic waving of multitudinous hats and handkerchiefs. More state coaches followed another squadron, and the procession was out of sight, the horsemen lining the roadway, closing up four abreast and galloping behind.

The girl sat silent for some time, then drew a long, deep breath.

"I suppose we can get down now," she said.

The soubrette below was performing a species of skirt dance, enthusiastically cheered by the crowd beneath, and Alexis felt that it was time to leave. His demand for a ladder was greeted by a volley of

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derisive replies, and the multitude below, seeing the dilemma, began to flow in his direction.

Descending to the pedestal of the monument, he made a hasty exploration; then returning, assisted his companion down and round to the back of the statue. Below there was a stone balustrade, and, letting himself over carefully, he dropped to this; then, standing on it, held up his arms.

"Sit on the edge," he directed, "and let yourself over slowly."

She did as she was told, resting her hands on the ledge. Holding her in his arms, he sprang to the pavement, just as the crowd came pouring round to enjoy the spectacle, and in an instant they were lost in the throng. Slipping her hand through his arm, he drew her away, as the stout girl came over amidst cheers, suspended from above by two men, who grasped her hands, while a third clasped her around the knees below.

"Would you like to walk up the avenue to the Arch?" Alexis asked. "It will be fully an hour and a half before the procession comes back."

She assented, adding:

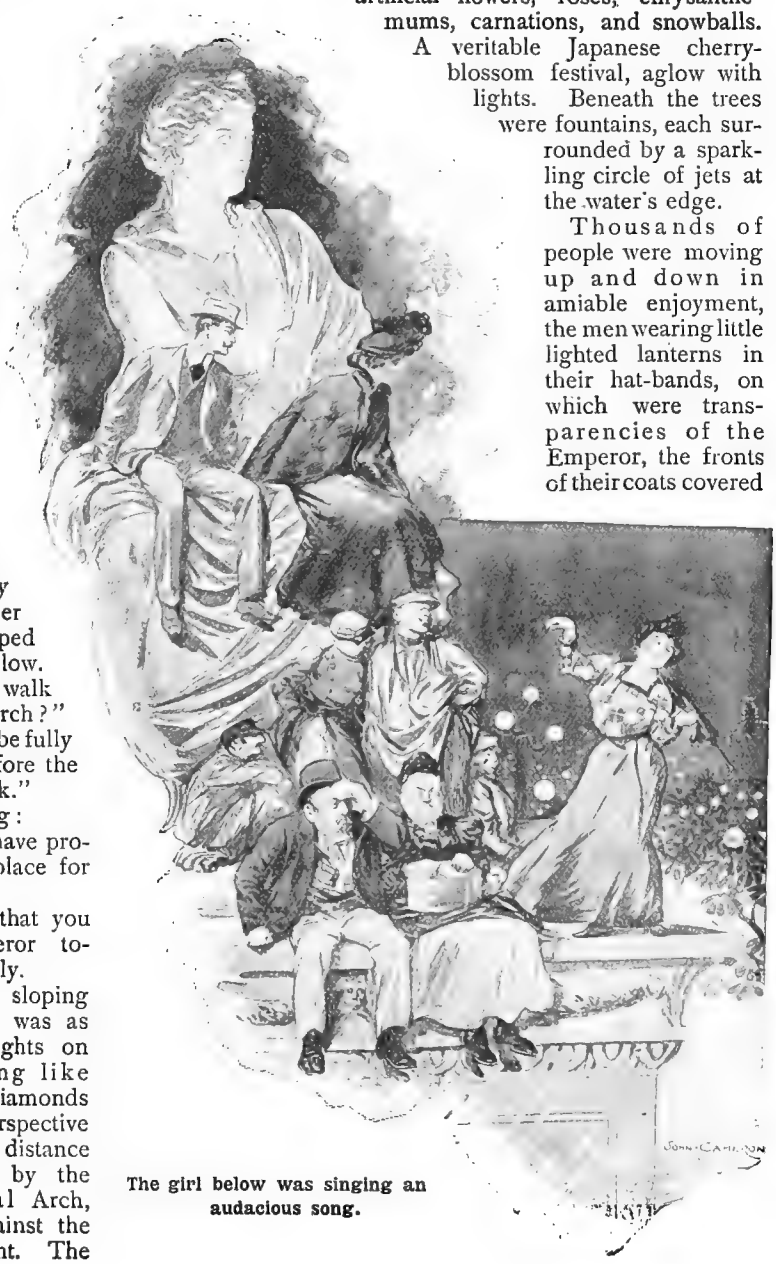
"Remember, you have promised to get a good place for me?"

"I promise you that you shall see the Emperor to-night," he said earnestly.

The long, upward sloping stretch of the avenue was as white as day, the lights on either hand sparkling like unbroken strings of diamonds in ever-diminishing perspective until they met in the distance and were crowned by the glorious Triumphal Arch, sketched in lights against the blackness of the night. The avenues of chestnut trees on either side, under which they walked, were ablaze with flame-coloured Chinese lanterns. These were round and fluted, and looked like great luminous pumpkins among the leaves, shedding a rich bronze glow over the foliage.

Half-way up the avenue, the Circle was like an orchard ablaze in bloom, the trees surrounding it covered with masses of artificial flowers, roses, chrysanthemums, carnations, and snowballs. A veritable Japanese cherry-blossom festival, aglow with lights. Beneath the trees were fountains, each surrounded by a sparkling circle of jets at the water's edge.

Thousands of people were moving up and down in amiable enjoyment, the men wearing little lighted lanterns in their hat-bands, on which were transparencies of the Emperor, the fronts of their coats covered



The girl below was singing an audacious song.

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with badges and national medals. Families were seated on the grass or on benches, having their dinners out of great baskets. Lines of students with their arms over one another's shoulders, sang together as they pushed through the crowd, and on every hand there was animation, pleasure, and excitement.

Alexis and his companion walked slowly up to the Arch, then back again to the place of the cherry blossoms.

"Are you tired?" he asked.

"A little," she acknowledged reluctantly, whereupon he looked round and chose a secluded spot in deep shadow under the trees. She seated herself on the grass at the edge of a fountain, and Alexis stretched himself out by her side. The excitement of the moment made her eyes burn and sparkle, and there was a deep spot of colour on either cheek. Leaning back against a tree trunk, she began at once to talk to him, her conversation flowing on lightly and charmingly.

There was very possibly a nervous hurry to prevent his getting in a word had he wished to try, but he was content to lie there, luxuriating in the beauty of his surroundings, crowned by her own surpassing loveliness. As she talked on, however, he became gradually aware of the fact that she was a finished woman of the world, and with the realisation that she was not the young and helpless girl he had taken her for, a sort of uneasiness took possession of him, and he said suddenly and irrelevantly:

"Will you be long in Laville?"

The animation died out of her face and her eyes fell. After a moment she replied:

"I think not."

"It is not your home, then?"

"No."

"Does it not seem strange to you that we do not know each other's names?"

"Would you like to know who I am?" she asked, and an amused smile flickered over her lips.

"You know I should."

"I will tell you, then, perhaps, before we part. And you?"

"I will tell you, too."

Silence fell on them after this. Her desire for conversation seemed to have passed away. She sat with her hands clasped about her knees, looking up at the stars. A slowly widening distance seemed to come between them as he realised that in all probability he would never see her again after to-night.

Suddenly she looked down and said anxiously:

"Isn't it time for the procession to be coming?"

"Oh, no," he answered quickly, "we have plenty of time yet."

"I am sure it is time to go," she said firmly, rising lightly to her feet.

"We have a half hour yet," he pleaded, taking out his watch.

"Yes, and we must get a place. A half hour is hardly time enough. You promised me I should see the Emperor, you know," and her voice changed beguilingly as she looked down at him with a winning smile.

He rose to his feet and offered her his arm, and once more they plunged into the throng, and, pushing their way through, walked along behind the great barrier of humanity lining the pavement, until they found a place a little thinned.

Here they stopped, and as people dropped back, made their way to the pavement's edge, and stood directly behind the row of dragoons who were mounting guard, their horses' heads turned toward the multitude. The girl stroked the nose of the horse whose head almost touched her shoulder, and whispered softly in his ear, and laid her cheek against his caressingly, and then talked a little to the glorious dragoon above her, whose trappings were sparkling in the gaslight, and finally asked him coaxingly if he would not push a little further away from the dragoon next to him, when the time came, so that she might be able to see between them into the coach.

The man smiled a little, but said not a word, although Alexis could divine the impression produced on him by her beauty. He drew back a little coldly, and just at this instant there was a tremendous, though subdued, sound, as of an explosion, which shook the earth under them.

"Boom! they've killed him," exclaimed a student, and the crowd laughed.

The girl turned as white as death, and put her hand on Alexis's arm.

"What is it?" she whispered.

He slipped his hand over hers and held it fast.

"The fireworks are commencing," he said, smiling down at her.

After this she stayed very near him, leaving her hand in his, and becoming silent. The throng pushed and surged around them, keeping up a ceaseless flow of chatter and laughter; and as they were pressed nearer together, they seemed as isolated as though in the midst of a vast desert.

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A thunderous roar split the air.

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Suddenly there was a clashing sound as the dragoons straightened up and drew their swords. A thrill of expectation ran through the crowd, and Alexis felt vindictively towards the procession as the girl slipped her hand from his, and, turning her back to him, stood almost between the horses. He heard a whispered "Remember!" rise to the dragoon, and saw an answering smile on the man's face, as he looked up quickly. He stepped haughtily back, and in an instant the space between them was occupied by a fat woman with a moustache who had vigorously elbowed her way to the front.

And now there rose from very far off the deep-toned voice of the multitude, faint at first, but swelling like an approaching storm. Louder and nearer it rolled, as brilliant, glittering and clattering, the procession once more dashed into sight. Down the great avenue it came swinging. Abreast of them passed the outriders, and then, with a running escort of cavalry along each side of the Imperial coach, footmen and coachmen in green and gold, with powdered wigs and scarlet satin breeches.

Inside, at the open window, could be seen the young Emperor, wearing a uniform, covered with decorations and an astrachan fez, one gloved hand raised to the side of his face in the perpetual, changeless royal salute. Alexis saw nothing but the back of the little bronze head in front of him, crowned with black plumes. With an unnoticeable movement, one dragoon pressed more closely against the other, and a clear space a foot wide opened before the girl. Directly beyond her was the face of the Emperor, white against the dark background.

With a movement that seemed almost like flying, she darted between the horses, raised one hand, and threw something into the window of the vehicle. A thunderous roar split the air, and the earth heaved as the carriage was rent into fragments.

Yells and curses and women's screams rose in a babel of sound, and Alexis felt, rather than saw, the multitude turned into wild beasts, ready to rend limb from limb the daring anarchist. He fought his way in, striking women and children, and bodily moving the madly plunging horses with his shoulders; then caught the girl in his arms, under the frantic steeds.

"For Heaven's sake, men," he cried, "let me out. My wife has fainted."

Some sort of way was made for him and he struggled out, slipping under the shadow of the trees and making his way finally into the depths of the palace gardens. He stopped at last where it was darkest and the shrubbery densest, panting, with the moisture pouring from his face. He put the girl down on a stone bench and stood beside her. He had been vaguely conscious of her desperate struggles to escape, but she had been as a fluttering bird in his strong arms.

"Tell me who you are," he said hoarsely, his heavy hand on her shoulder.

She sprang to her feet and shook herself free from his touch, and facing him, with the fire of enthusiasm burning in her eyes, answered triumphantly:

"*I am Ivanof!*"

He shrank as if struck by a physical blow, and looked about him in terror.

"Hush, for Heaven's sake!" he cried.

She laughed contemptuously.

"I am not ashamed of it," she answered.

"Do you know what you have done?" he whispered.

"Yes, God be praised! I have rid the earth of the tyrant. What long, long years we have waited for this. Oh, God, I thank Thee, that we have been avenged at last!"

"You call him a tyrant. He has been on the throne two years. Can you tell me of a single tyrannical act on his part?"

"He is accused by the voices of the martyred millions in exile, rising to God's judgment seat."

"And God is judge," Alexis said sternly. "Listen to me, for I have only a little time to speak. The young Emperor, whom you speak of as an unbearable tyrant, was trying to the best of his abilities to institute great reforms in his kingdom. He had not the unlimited power you imagine. He was hedged in on every side by almost unsurmountable barriers. Time was his only ally. In years to come he might have swept before him every obstacle, and his country might have flung off the shackles of a despotism, not of one ruler, but of many. And how have you helped the country? You have rolled it backward a generation, and riveted, for years to come, the fetters which were about to be stricken off. You have brought your friends, perhaps the innocent among them, to the scaffold; and, above all, you have committed murder yourself."

"In the sight of man," she answered unsteadily.

"And do you think that God will approve of your killing a perfectly innocent man, and wrecking the life of his mother?"

"His mother!" She shrank, as though scorched.

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"Yes, his mother," he answered bitterly. "I suppose it has never occurred to you that he or she could have natural affections. He is the light of her life. It will kill her."

Suddenly the girl's forced and unnatural composure left her. She threw herself on the stone bench, weeping wildly. An unbounded pity for her touched his heart, and he seated himself beside her and took her hand gently.

"Do not touch me!" she cried; "I am a murderess. Let me go to the death I deserve," and she sprang to her feet

He caught both hands and held them tightly, then stood and looked down on her.

"What would you give not to be a murderess?" he asked.

"My life—anything," she answered wildly.

"Well," he said very slowly, "you have not killed the Emperor."

"Not killed him! How do you know? Oh, God! Did you see him? He escaped?"

"Do not touch me!" she cried; "I am a murderess. Let me go to the death I deserve."

He lifted her hands up and pressed them against his heart. Then he bent his head, his lips almost touching hers that were raised to him.

"I am the Emperor," he whispered.

"I do not understand," she said, in a dazed way, after a long silence.

In as few words as possible he told her the circumstances, and when he had finished she fell on her knees and buried her face in her hands.

"And I might have killed *you!*" she whispered.

Suddenly a sound broke on the air. It was the deep tone of a church bell. He started, then, lifting her to her feet, said hurriedly:

"You must leave Laville at once. The safest plan is to go directly back. Once in our own country I can protect you. I will arrange everything, and send someone to take you. I myself must get back as quickly as possible to the Embassy."

She was like a child in his hands. Outside the gardens they took a cab and drove to a quiet hotel. As he left her, he whispered, with confident elation:

"It will not be long before we meet again," and pressed her hand to his lips.

An hour later an official arrived at the hotel to conduct her to the train. He was informed that madame had already left the place. A letter was given to him, which Alexis tore open in his dressing-room. It read:

MY FRIEND,—It is better that we should never meet again. It will be useless to search for me. When this reaches you I will be before a Higher Tribunal for judgment. Forget me.

He threw himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

The whole world was astonished at the miraculous escape of the Emperor, when even fragments of his clothing had been torn off and hurled to a distance. But the miracle of miracles was the fact that the Nihilist—who was suspected of being the notorious Ivanof—was never found.

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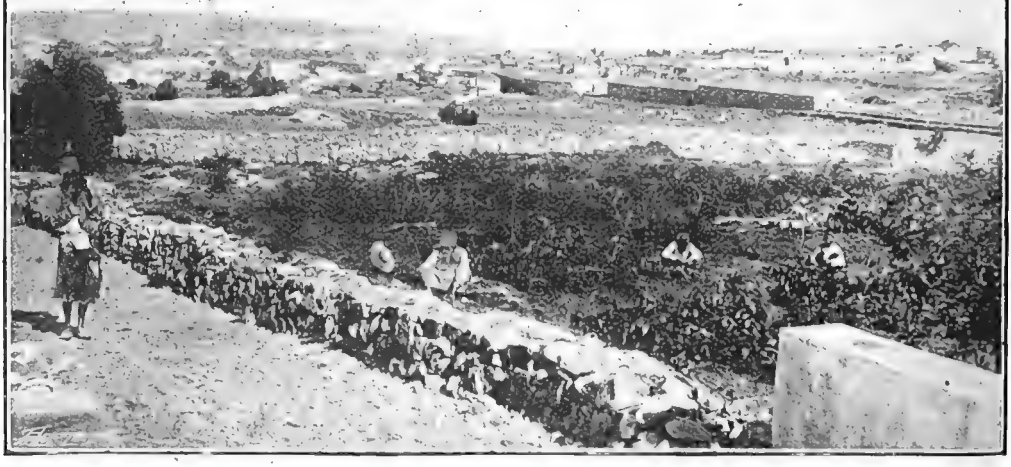
Jerusalem for the Jews



A view of a Jewish suburb looking towards the Mount of Olives from Abraham's Vineyard.

By Wilfred Mark Webb.

The Zionist movement, as we call the scheme for sending the Jews to Palestine, has led to a number of conferences, and the recent one in London has called forth many conflicting statements upon the subject. More than one correspondent of the papers has repeated what the writer has heard an educated Jew affirm, namely, that his co-religionists regard themselves as belonging to the nations with whom they dwell.

For instance, an English Jew is an Englishman first and then a Jew, and he looks upon French Jews as foreigners, just as English Roman Catholics do the members of their faith who live on the Continent.

Some Jews intermarry with their Gentile neighbours, and their descendants become merged with the general population, and if this went on to any great extent it might afford, as some have urged, a solution of the Jewish question. There does and must remain the general mass who cannot or do not feel able to assimilate with their fellow countrymen in this or other ways. It is for these that Zionists are exerting their energies.

We are not here concerned so much with what might be done as with what has happened and is going on in Palestine itself, towards the occupation of that country once more by the Jews. That a great many have found their way there, is evident if we compare the number of Jews in Jerusalem fifty years or more ago with the number at present there. Whereas in the year 1846 there were but seven thousand of the race under consideration in the city, there are now, according to a recent estimate, forty-five or fifty thousand.

A cake of the soap made in Abraham's Vineyard.

Many of the Children of Israel from all parts

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of the world flowed into Palestine until recently, when the Turkish authorities forbade any Jew to land unless he gave a bond and security for £50 that he would leave again within thirty days. It is now mostly a matter of *backsheesh*, but Jews still continue to enter the country.

One got on shore not long ago in a novel, if somewhat, uncomfortable way with the help of his friends. He went on in the steamer to Haifa, where a Jewish agent came on board on business.

Just as the vessel was leaving a cry arose that a mail bag had been left behind, and it was forthwith bundled overboard into a boat and taken ashore. It did not, however, reach the postal authorities, which is just as well, for it contained the Jew in question, who was carried off by his friends. It should be remembered, however, that the Turks have never persecuted the Jews.

Side by side with the increase in population, the size of Jerusalem has altered. Before 1853 not a single dwelling was to be seen outside its walls. Now it is surrounded in every direction by suburbs, as is seen in our first illustration.

The photograph is taken from the north-west, and shows the Mount of Olives in the distance. This eminence is surmounted by the Russian tower, two hundred feet high, ostensibly to contain a bell, but from which a view of all the surrounding country can be obtained.

The growth of Jerusalem is particularly interesting, in so much as it is a direct fulfilment of a prophecy in Jeremiah (Chapter XXXI., verses 38-40). This says that the city shall be built from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner, and that the measuring line shall yet go forth over against it upon the hill Gareb and shall compass about to Goath.

Furthermore, the valleys and the fields by the brook of Kidron are mentioned, all of which are now built over. A remarkable fact is that the first habitation raised by Jewish hands outside the walls was in Abraham's Vineyard, which Dr. von Schick, a resident authority on the subject, has identified as Goath.

In the second chapter of Zachariah, also, occur the words: "Jerusalem shall be inhabited as towns without walls, for the multitude of men and cattle therein."

The settlements are of course without the walls, and the custom of shutting the gates at night has had to be abandoned.

Even so long as fifty years ago the question of helping

The first house erected by Jewish hands in fulfilment of the prophecy.

Five Yemanite Jews from Arabia, who arrived after many extraordinary adventures.

Ploughing in the Vineyard.

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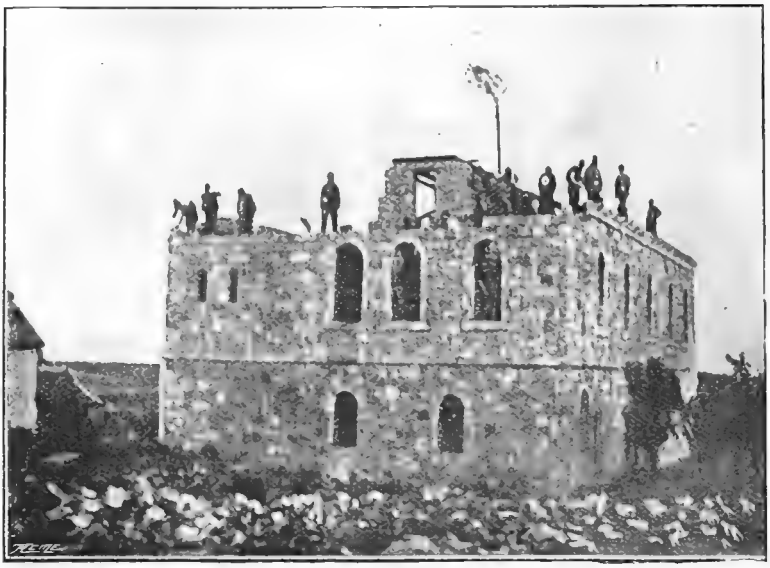

Additions being made to the first Jewish house erected outside the walls of Jerusalem. Note the olive branch raised aloft for luck—a curious practice found in other parts of the world.

to build. Lack of workmen, and, above all, lack of funds were the chief hindrance to the completion of the work. For many years it remained a tiny one-storied building. Then, at last, the work was continued in earnest, sufficient funds having been obtained. Observe in the accompanying picture the olive branch which the workmen put up on the top of the building for luck, a custom which prevails also in Calabria.

the poor Jews who found their way to Jerusalem had arisen. Consul Finn, the representative of Great Britain on the spot, had been asked by the authorities at home to do what he could for the Jews, and his wife purchased Abraham's Vineyard and employed poor Jews to cut and shape the stone abundant there from which to build the house we have alluded to.

That house took a very long time

This is how the first Jewish house outside Jerusalem appeared for many years.

A group of Jewish workmen employed in the Vineyard

With the acquisition of Abraham's Vineyard the first scheme for helping the Jews was inaugurated, a scheme which, having as a basis the providing of work rather than the giving of money, has been elaborated, and is still carried on. A committee in

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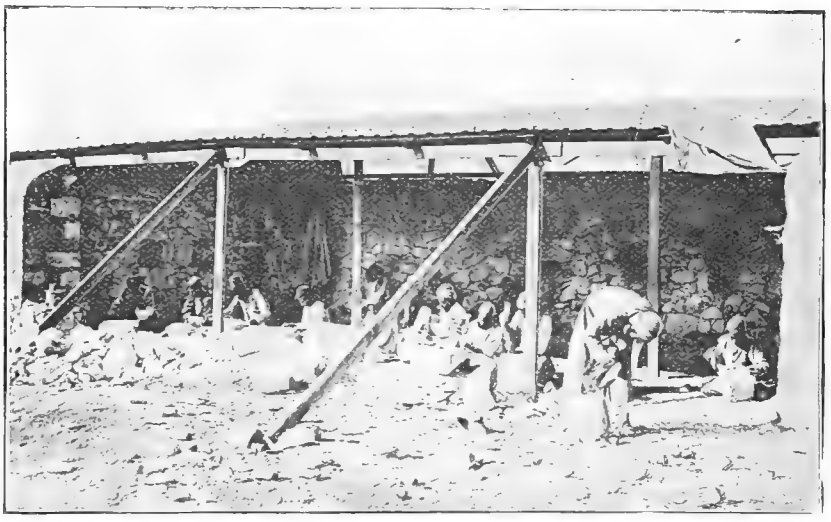
England has the matter under their control, of which Mrs. Finn continues to be the life and soul.

There are other benefits enjoyed by some of the Jewish refugees. For instance, their richer brethren in Europe annually send them a sum of money, which, however, does not go very far. Again, the bequest of a rich Jew who came from Warsaw and settled in Jerusalem has provided homes for many refugees.



One of the sheds in which building stones are squared by Jewish settlers.

These form the colony seen in our first illustration. Families are chosen by lot to occupy the dwellings, which they enjoy rent free for a period of three or four years, after which they make way for others.

We will, however, endeavour, with the help of photographs which Mrs. Finn very kindly had taken for the writer, to give an idea of the work of the Jews and for the Jews on Abraham's Vineyard. To begin with, there are, as a rule, about seventy men employed, many with large families dependent upon them, whom they manage, with difficulty it is true, to keep going.

"Planning out a Cistern." A very important work in connection with the founding of a new colony.

Among these refugees are several of the Yemanite Jews from Arabia, where they have been located since the days of Nebuchadnezzar. Some years back the Yemanites heard that the Messiah was expected at Jerusalem, and several hundred of them started off for the Holy City. They embarked in native coasting vessels, and by ill-luck or bad management were taken to India.

Thence they again started for their goal, and this time arrived safely at Jaffa. From here they had to tramp with their women and children across the plain of Sharon, and were discovered sitting down outside Jerusalem in abject want and not knowing what to do next. An American lady and the Europeans in the city took them in hand and put them out of their immediate distress. The Yemanites brought their schoolmaster with them, and he, being a cripple, was carried on their backs all the way from Jaffa.

One of the most striking industries

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A corner of the soap-making manufactory. These men are shaping the tablets.

of the Palestine Jews in the making of soap. The fat used is the olive oil grown on the hills about Jerusalem, and squeezed in primitive fashion from the olives by a roller of stone running free on a shaft pivoted in the centre of a stone table with a raised edge. A horse attached to the other end of the shaft and driven round and round, sets the roller in motion.

The alkali is also a home product, and is obtained by burning the kali plant (*Salsola kali*) in the Jordan valley. The ashes, which Mrs. Finn has discovered, are called "soda" (or black), are treated with water as in the old days in England, and the potash obtained by evaporation. A soap is, of course, a combination of fat and alkali.

In Abraham's Vineyard the manufactured article is cut up into blocks which are smoothed upon an ordinary carpenter's plane, as shown in the illustration, while the old workman seen in the corner of the shop, stamps each side with a boxwood block. On one side of the tablets is the inscription "Abraham's Vineyard" in English characters, and on the other "Jerusalem," "Kasher," in Hebrew letters.

The latter word signifies ceremonially pure, which would, of course, not be the case with soap containing pigs' fat; that could not be used by a strict Jew. There is no doubt as to the popularity which the soap enjoys among those who are acquainted with it, for the whole output now comes over to this country.*

* It can be obtained from Mrs. Finn, at 41, Parliament Street, S.W.

The Box Colony outside Jerusalem so called on account of the houses being mostly constructed out of old packing cases.

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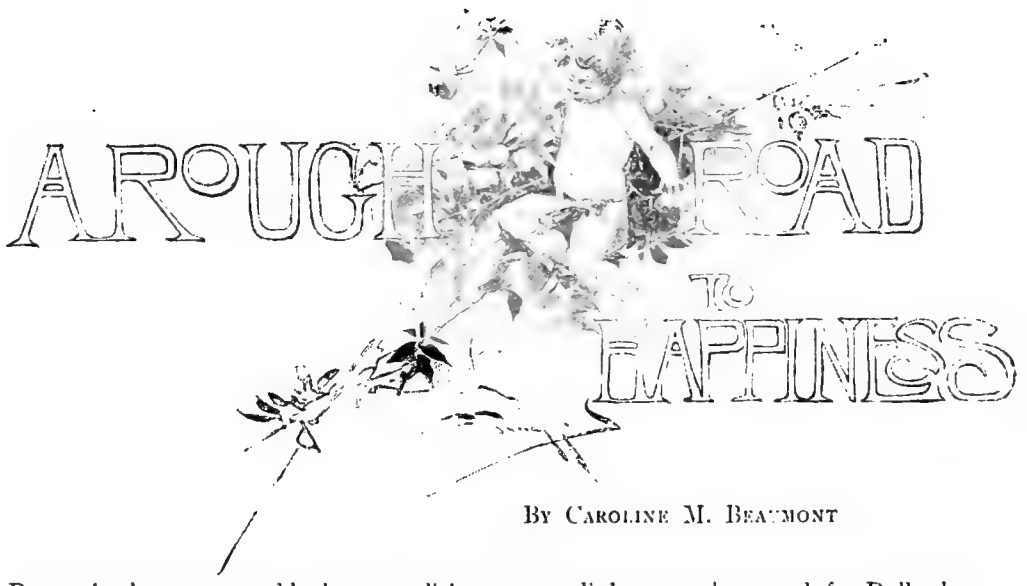

By Caroline M. Beaumont

Dolly is the most maddening, tantalising, perverse, and charming—I might as well admit it, you'd soon have found it out—young woman of my acquaintance.

I've been in love with her for five years, and it's a wonder my hair isn't white; sometimes I think it is turning grey, but when I spoke to Dolly about it, she told me not to bother, I was old enough to be grey in any case.

Ah, that's where Dolly hurts, and she knows it, for I am ten years older than she is, and when that wilful young woman wishes to be particularly cruel, she treats me with respect.

I know that among my friends I am considered to have fairly good sense; I can talk rationally on most subjects, and I stand well enough in my profession, at least enabling me to keep my head above water.

But when I'm with Dolly I'm an ass. A lunatic from an asylum would be a brilliant conversationalist compared with me.

And, alas! Dolly knows that too, and she torments me and makes life an unutterable burden to me.

I start to make a sensible remark, when suddenly I meet Dolly's eyes, then I stumble and say the wrong thing, and she will remark: "Do you really think that?" with such a wicked look in her beautiful blue eyes, while I don't think it at all, but have just said it.

And so it goes on, until I wonder sometimes if I am quite right in the head.

When we go to dances—I say we, I'm always there if I know she's going—things are a little worse than usual, for Dolly dances past me with beasts and cads of men, and I stand about the wall watching her. She never will give but two dances to me, so I have nothing to do in the meantime but watch her.

One night I was desperate. I had sent her violets, as usual—she is particularly fond of them, and most of my money goes that way. Sometimes she wears them, and often carries them, but this night they were nowhere to be seen, and in her hand was one large red rose.

I went up to her; appearing to be sorry to see me was the particular form of torture which commended itself to her on this especial night.

"You here!" she said, lifting her eyebrows in astonishment and without a smile—all put on, of course, because I am always where she is.

"Oh, no, I'm not here. I'm somewhere else," I said wittily.

She laughed immoderately.

"You're—so—funny?" she remarked choking.

"Yes," said I severely, "I suppose I am funny, very funny—but where are my violets?"

"Why, had you—any—violets?" said she. "I didn't know—how should I know?"

She said it seriously, but there was a look in her eyes that I was used to; I wanted to shake her.

"Dolly, you know exactly what I mean. Where are my violets?"

"If you mean the violets you sent me,"

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she replied with dignity, "I understood that after they left you they belonged to me; do you want them back?" This freezingly.

"Oh, Dolly," I said, reduced once more to my usual condition of asininity, "I didn't mean it, dear. I—I don't want them; I only wanted you to wear them or carry them, darling."

But she saw that she had the best of me, so carried things with a high hand.

"The rose was sent to me by a friend,"—she hesitated—"and I suppose I have a right to wear what I please. But sit down—don't stand so long. You'll be tired!"

This was an allusion to my age, and it maddened me.

"You are exceedingly rude!" I said, turning away and leaving her.

It was the most severe speech I had ever made to Dolly and I suffered at the thought of it.

For four days I didn't go near her or send her violets once. It was an awful four days; I neither ate nor slept, but reviled myself as a fool for becoming estranged from the only woman in the world,

In my despair I went even so far as to take Jane Hunt to a dance where Dolly was sure to see us, and she did. And when I passed her and she looked over my head with her small nose in the air, I wished Miss Hunt was in—well, somewhere else, that I might rush over to Dolly, throw myself at her feet—and kiss them!

Yes, I acknowledge that I have often wished that.

Finally I wrote to her, fully conscious that it was a very silly letter, wherein I told her I was merely angry at myself for not knowing she cared for red roses, and I sent her three dozen.

The answer I received was characteristic:

> You are a silly old goose, and if you had only waited until I finished what I was saying you would have discovered that you sent the rose yourself with the violets. I don't care for red roses.

By which token I learned, not that Dolly was repentant, but that her violets had faded, and she wanted more. So I sent them, hundreds of them, hoping that wilful and fascinating young woman would be appeased.

But the greatest of my misfortunes has not yet been set down. There was another young man, an acquaintance and admirer of Dolly's, with exactly the same name as myself—Richard Morton.

I, of course, had taken a huge dislike to him; in fact, I hated him (for Dolly once remarked that he was a nice fellow), and I don't think he had an extraordinary affection for me.

We were not related; I was glad of that. A few days after I had been such a cad to Dolly, I called upon her, and, Heaven favouring me, I found her alone.

"Dolly, dearest," I began, "I am so sorry——"

"Don't," she said; "that incident is closed. There are so many nicer things to talk about; Jane Hunt, for instance."

I shivered; I was about to be punished.

"Is she nicer?" said I.

"What do you really think of her?" asked Dolly, with rather an anxious look, I thought; but, of course, I was mistaken.

"Oh, she's a very good girl—very good!" with a desperate desire to make Dolly jealous if I could, which I couldn't.

"Is she?" Dolly tossed her head. "Well, Mr. Morton, do you want to know what I think she looks like?"

The "Mr. Morton" was ominous; I shivered again.

"I can't imagine," said I lightly, thinking how very pretty Dolly was with that pink spot on either cheek.

"I think she looks like a cook!" she declared triumphantly, while I, inwardly agreeing, protested:

"Oh, Dolly, a cook!"

"Yes," she went on spitefully, "and not even a good cook!"

"Dolly! Not like a bad cook!"

"Yes," she went on, "like a very poor cook!"

I had to laugh; I couldn't help it.

"Splendid wife she'd make!" said I, not meaning to rouse Dolly.

But suddenly she turned and said the most terrible thing to me that she'd ever said since I'd known her.

"Then you'd better marry her!" This from Dolly!

"Oh——" I began, but she was gone, and there was nothing for me to do but to pick up my hat and go, which I did, calling myself a beast and a brute as I went.

That night on leaving the theatre we happened to meet for a moment. She was radiant and scornful.

"Dolly," I said, resolving not to notice the *contretemps* of the afternoon, "who are you going to dance the cotillon with at the Terry's to-morrow night?"

"With Mr. Morton," she answered sweetly.

"What a dear you are! I was afraid you'd promised somebody else."

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"Yes, you old goose," she said, "I love *this* Mr. Morton."

And then she laughed. "With the pleasant, agreeable Mr. Morton," she continued, "who never says the wrong thing."

And then I knew she meant the other one! I'm afraid I said a bad word. Her mocking laugh followed me in the darkness, and echoed in my dreams that night.

I wished I'd never seen her—and took back the wish immediately.

I debated a long time within myself whether or not I should go to the Terry's, but as usual, ended by going.

Then as I thought of the way I had left her the night before, this beautiful hope faded. What would she want with a brute like me?

I never saw her look better than that night of the Terry's dance; she was in white, which best became her, and she seemed to me like an angel.

And that horrid Morton looked well, too. I had to admit to myself that he was rather a handsome chap.

Mrs. Floyd-Hopkins, who aspires to be something of a belle herself, stood for a moment and followed the direction of my glance.

"Miss Dalrymple is looking particularly well this evening," said she—a very gracious speech indeed for her.

"Very!" I replied, having sense enough left not to discuss Dolly with a woman.

"But what an awful flirt!" she went on. This left me gasping.

"And engaged, I understand, to Mr. Morton all the time."

"Who said it?" I asked hoarsely. Dolly engaged—and to that—cad—with my name.

"Oh, everybody says so," and then she looked at me with such an unpleasant smile. "That's your name, too, isn't it?"

"Yes, I believe it is," I said brilliantly, moving away from her.

Dolly engaged! I couldn't gasp the full significance of it; the thought left me dazed and bewildered.

This very night should decide it. I would go to her and ask if there was any truth in it.

Just then she came towards me, as if she was going to take me out, but something in my face must have stopped her.

Google

"What is the matter?" she said, turning a little white.

"Dolly," I said sternly, "will you give me the first two dances after supper?"

"Of course, if you want them; but won't you dance now?" I never saw Dolly so meek before.

"No," I answered, almost roughly, "not now." She left me with a strange look on her sweet face.

It seemed centuries until supper; I tried to think what I should say to her, but my mind was in such a chaotic state that I decided to depend on the inspiration of the moment.

At last supper was over, and I found her, tucked her arm in mine, and marched her off to a quiet nook, put her in the only seat, and stood accusingly before her.

"Dolly," I began, "look at me!"

This she did, a little timidly, I thought, and I almost forgot what I was going to say in the joy of looking at her.

"My darling," I went on, "I have loved you so long, so well, and hoped that in the course of years you might come to care—" she dropped her eyes; just then I remembered that horrible gossip—"but to-night, Dolly, I heard something that turned my heart to stone."

"What was it?" she asked.

"That you were engaged to——"

"Whom?" breathlessly.

"Morton," I gasped, "that wretched, caddish——"

"Stop!" she said with dignity.

"Tell me, you shall,"—I grasped her wrists—"is it so?"

If it had been any woman in the world but Dolly I should have said she was embarrassed. She actually blushed.

"No," she said slowly, "it is not so, but ——" Her hands went up and covered her face. Good heavens! suppose she should cry!

"But what?" I insisted cruelly. "You're not engaged to him, but you're in love with him?"

She took her hands away, and her face was very red; if it had not been such a serious moment I should have said she had been laughing.

"Mr. Morton has—never—asked me to be his wife—but if he does—I shall——"

I was beside myself.

"And if he does?" I hissed.

"I shall say 'Yes'"—very softly. A terrible silence ensued; the earth was sinking beneath my feet.

"You love this Mr Morton?" I said sharply.

And then the very queerest thing in the world happened. Dolly's face whitened a little as she rose and put out her hands.

"Yes, you old goose," she said; "I love *this* Mr. Morton!"

It didn't take me long to gather Dolly into my arms. The next five minutes are not to appear in this narrative.

"Dolly," I said blissfully, "did you ever know such a stupid old fool as I am?"

"Never in all my life," said the sweetest of girls, her voice coming from the vicinity of my coat collar.

"And do you suppose that woman meant me when she told me that gossip, my darling?"

"Of course she did," said the voice, "and I'm glad she said it. I don't believe you'd ever have asked me otherwise!"

My answer would not look well on paper.

"Do you know, Dick, that you never have asked me before?"

And, when I came to think of it, I never had!

Do You Recognise Him?

He's the "Man in the Corner," who unravelled those wonderful

"LONDON MYSTERIES"

which Baroness Orczy retold in the "ROYAL." In the APRIL "ROYAL," published March 21st, he will again commence to unravel a Series of Mysteries even more weird and wonderful than the last.

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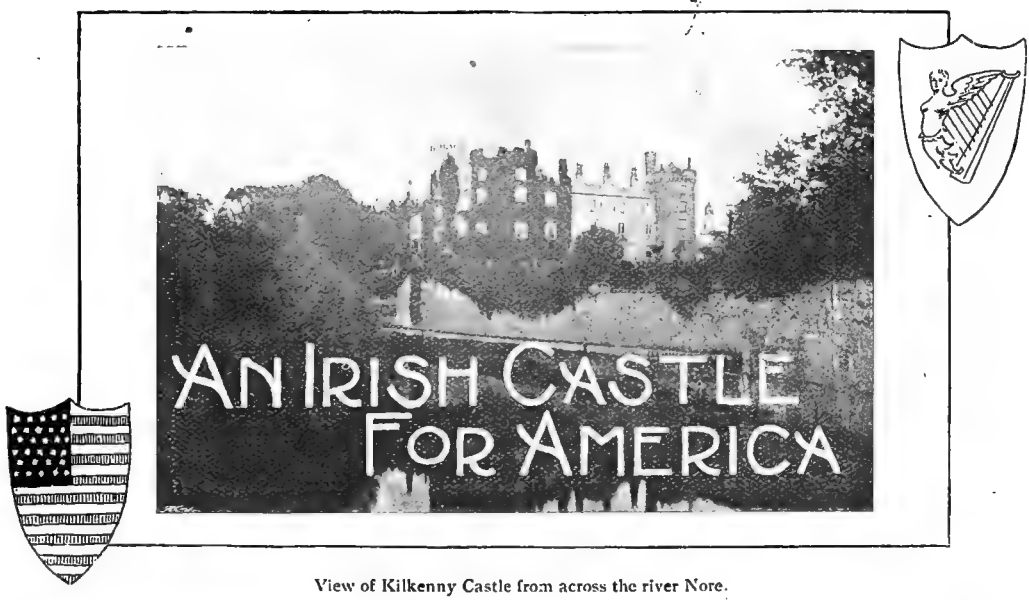

View of Kilkenny Castle from across the river Nore.

Mr. Howard Gould, the American Millionaire, is Building in America an exact copy of Kilkenny Castle, Ireland. A Staff of Photographers, Engineers, and Architects have lately Visited the Castle to make the Necessary Plans.

By J. J. Comerford.

It may be that one day the prophecy of Lord Macaulay will be fulfilled—that a New Zealander standing upon London Bridge will gaze upon the ruins of St. Paul's, much in the same way as English tourists now visit and admire noble remnants of Grecian architecture.

With the best intentions, but with perhaps questionable taste, Lord Elgin removed some of the works of Phidias, the father of sculpture, from the Acropolis of Athens to that particularly unromantic spot the British Museum, and, in like manner, certain wealthy Americans, if they had their way, would trans-ship bodily buildings endeared to the nation by historic associations.

Scarcely a year passes but some new scheme is mooted for the spoliation of England. Sometimes it is Shakespeare's cottage that we are tempted to part with for millions of dollars. At others, the reigning lord of a historic castle is approached by an enterprising show-company, who are quite prepared to take castle and all to America—at a price. Verily, if the English nation were willing, St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey might soon adorn New York and Boston. But it will not be, until the latter days. Then, if the New Zealander delays too long, he may stand on London Bridge and look in vain for St. Paul's. An American sky-sign will refer him to New York.

But if the American millionaire cannot have our great originals in architecture, he is at least determined to have as near a reproduction as money can buy. Just now Mr. Howard Gould has a great scheme on foot. During a recent visit to Europe, he was enchanted with the magnificent castle which overlooks the ancient city of Kilkenny. Current history does not relate that Mr. Gould approached the Marquis of Ormonde with a proposal to remove the castle from the position that it has occupied for hundreds of years, to Long Island Town. At any rate, the American millionaire contented himself with obtaining permission for his staff of photographers, engineers, and architects to take pictures and measurements, which would enable them to make an exact copy of the castle.

This is certainly a harmless proceeding, and evidences the good taste of Mr. Howard Gould. The modest requirements of the English nobility could hardly be expected to suffice for an American multi-millionaire; it is therefore proposed to make the castle on Long Island considerably

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The main entrance gate.

larger than its historic original. Externally, however, it will be an exact copy of Kilkenny Castle. As for the interior, great as is Mr. Gould's passion for antiquity, he does not mean it to interfere with his comfort. There will be many modern conveniences and improvements, just the same as in the most luxurious dwellings of New York.

The new castle will be situated near the coast, and, no doubt, money will be poured out like water to imitate, as far as possible, the surroundings of the original. But money cannot do everything. Mr. Gould is not likely to attempt to build a new city of Kilkenny, even out of plaster or *papier maché*, after the style of old Paris in the exhibitions.

But it is the propinquity of this old city that gives the ancient castle of Kilkenny one of its chief charms. And it is from the city bridge that the castle looks most beautiful. On a clear night, when the moon casts dark shadows into the waters of the river Nore beneath,

Kilkenny Castle from the front lawn. Not only the Castle but the grounds with their lakes and fountains are to be reproduced in America.

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The picture gallery at Kilkenny Castle, where hang the portraits of all the ancestors of the Marquis of Ormonde.

it seems an embodied poem. It will be indeed difficult for Mr. Gould to reproduce such an effect, but no one will begrudge such success as he attains. He is too wealthy a man, and comes of too shrewd a family for his aims to fail entirely, though others before him have perpetrated what go under the name of "follies."

One of the most costly architectural follies in England has lately disappeared with the aid of dynamite. The famous Devon Mansion, Egremont, built by Lord Egremont sixty years ago, which cost two hundred and forty thousand pounds, was never finished. It was designed on too colossal a scale. His lordship is said to have been so affected at his inability to complete the magnificent structure, that he died broken-hearted, although he lived to see a hundred and fifty rooms furnished.

The new castle, on Long Island, will be a most stupendous building, and will take a very long time to complete, even in America, that land of lightning workers. There is no doubt but that it will be completed, and that America will be the gainer of a magnificent structure which, while possessing all the external beauty of an English castle, will have the advantage of modern conveniences.

It will be interesting to watch whether any other of America's millionaires will follow the example set them by Mr. Gould. Possibly, within the next few years, there may spring up other feudal piles, which will give a much-needed touch of the picturesque to American scenery.

The interior view of Kilkenny Castle from the Courtyard.

Google

The Incompetent Dancer

I.

Shall we go to the ball-room?
Sweet maiden, we met
But to-night, and I'm told that it's not etiquette
For comparative strangers to so far unbend
As to cut more than five of their partners on end.

II.

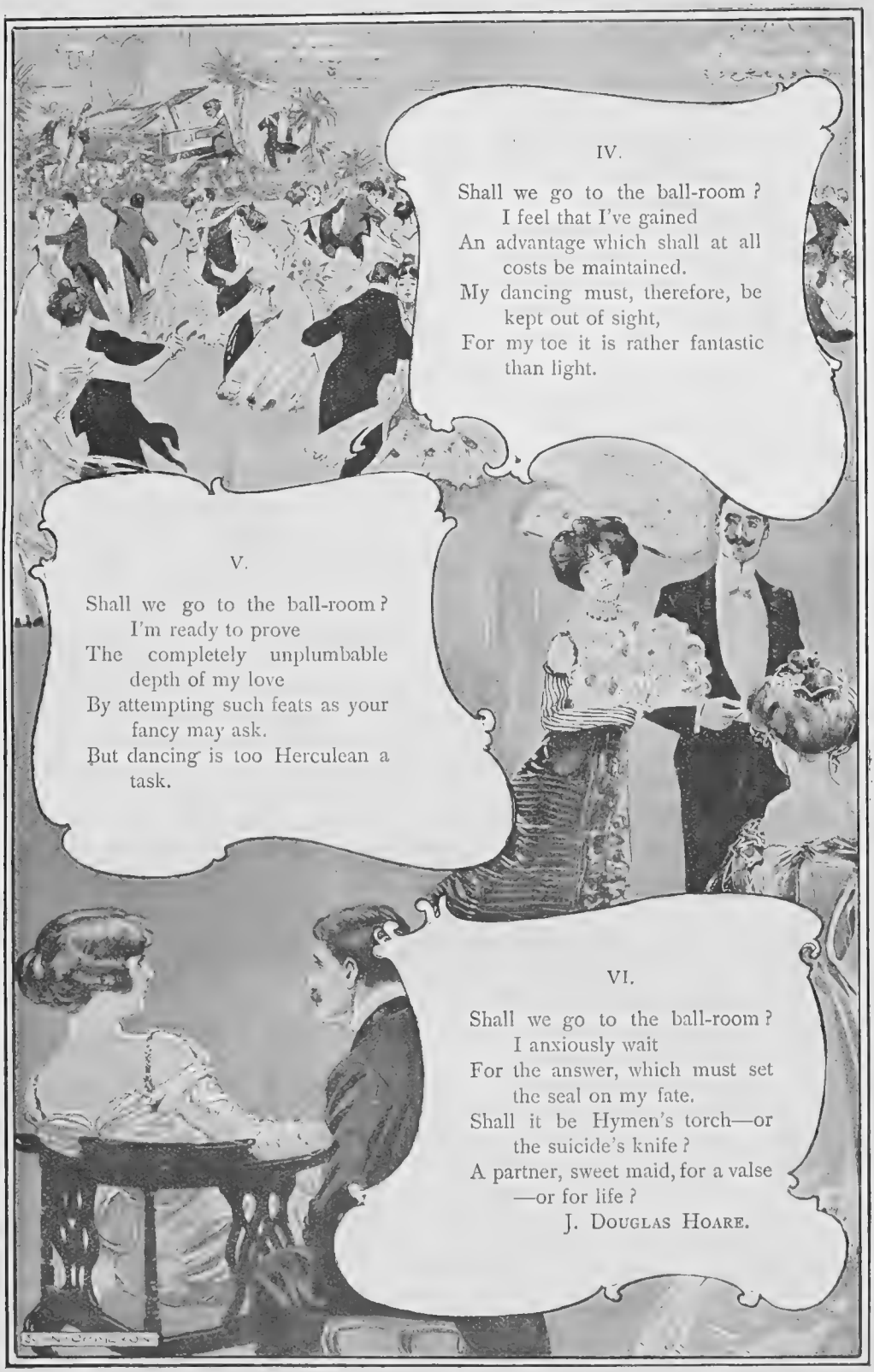
Shall we go to the ball-room?
To ask is polite,
But it's clearly an instance of love at first sight,
If you go, I will follow, of course, like a lamb,
But I'd very much rather remain where I am.

III

Shall we go to the ball-room?
Between you and me,
I was never the favoured of Terpsichore.
No matter what dance I indulge in, my feet
Refuse to keep time to the orchestra's beat.

JOHN CAMERON

Google



IV.

Shall we go to the ball-room?
I feel that I've gained
An advantage which shall at all
costs be maintained.
My dancing must, therefore, be
kept out of sight,
For my toe it is rather fantastic
than light.

V.

Shall we go to the ball-room?
I'm ready to prove
The completely unplumbable
depth of my love
By attempting such feats as your
fancy may ask.
But dancing is too Herculean a
task.

VI.

Shall we go to the ball-room?
I anxiously wait
For the answer, which must set
the seal on my fate.
Shall it be Hymen's torch—or
the suicide's knife?
A partner, sweet maid, for a valse
—or for life?

J. Douglas Hoare.

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A Long Engagement

By

E. Arbuthnot.

In an out-of-the-way corner of England there is a quaint little old seaside town called West Hoo. It consists of a straggling row of houses, facing the sea, a few blocks of cottages distributed up the cliff, behind, and, on the cliff summit, a prison. The cottages on the cliff-side are mostly inhabited by warders and their families.

There must be quite half-a-dozen shops in West Hoo. The two largest stand next door to each other; they are the carpenter's and the grocery.

And, one fine day, Johnny Yeandle, the carpenter's apprentice, fell in love with Nelly Day, who sold eggs and ribbons, bloaters, and bad tobacco, in the grocer's shop next door.

Nelly was a sober lass, with pretty yellow curls. She was sixteen, and Johnny a year older. The course of true love ran smooth, if somewhat sluggish. Johnny was duly accepted—provisionally—and for four entire years the two "kept company."

It was the delight of the fashionable society of West Hoo to promenade regularly on summer evenings upon the sea-wall. After closing time Johnny and Nell invariably joined in this giddy vortex of dissipation. For four summers, every fine evening saw them peacefully patrolling, arm-in-arm.

"Nelly," John would say once a week or so, "doan tee think it'n 'bout time we was gettin' married, gel?"

And Nelly would always reply sagely:

"I'm willin' enough, John, when ye've a cottage an' ten pund to furnish 'er. I've told ye so afore, Johnny. Us can't be wedded without cottage an' furniter."

But somehow or other Johnny never could save. He did not drink, he had no particularly bad habits, but he frittered money. Johnny must always be well-dressed, he must always have money in his pocket; and somehow—it melted.

Nelly was fond of John in her easy-going way, but she liked her life in the grocery, and was in no hurry to be married. Time enough for matrimony and trouble by-and-by. She never tried to point out ways of economising.

"Soon enough to preach when we'm wedded, mother," she would say when old Mrs. Day suggested that she might keep Johnny from frittering so. "Soon enough to

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preach when we'm wedded. Them as wants to fritter will fritter, an' nobody can't stop 'em. Let's go easy while we'm coortin'."

People would point at the placid pair, and say:

"Them two's allus a keepin' company. I misdoubt they won't never have nought to wed on!"

But one day there was a tremendous excitement at West Hoo. The alarm-bell rang; warders, armed with rifles, rushed wildly up and down the cliff-side; everybody talked at once. A convict had escaped from the prison!

Such a thing had not happened within the memory of man, and the promenade on the sea-wall that evening was quite thrilling. Everyone was discussing the terrific news, and all at the same time. The promenaders were gathered, for the most part, into little groups of excited people, talking and gesticulating, wildly. Even the tranquility of the engaged couple was slightly stirred.

Two whole days passed, and the prisoner was still at large. On the third morning West Hoo was thrilled to the centre by a voluminous display of posters headed with the exciting legend "£10 Reward!" The reward was offered for the body, dead or alive, of Geoffrey Smith, the escaped convict.

"Have 'ee seen it? Ten pund!" said Johnny Yeandle, coming to the door of the carpenter's shop in his shirt-sleeves and addressing his lady-love, who was sunning her golden locks at the entrance to the grocery.

"'Course," said Nelly laconically.

"If I get'n, will 'ee name the day?" inquired Johnny. Nelly nodded. Then both returned to their duties indoors.

That evening the promenaders were electrified by the absence of the engaged couple. Several of them were so deeply moved by this amazing circumstance that they took the trouble of calling at the Day's little cottage to "Know the reason why."

"Johnny 've asked for a day off," said Nelly calmly, to all queries. "He be gone away into the country for a day—maybe two."

And not another word could they get out of her.

Old Mrs. Day, questioned, querulously averred:

"That she didn' know what the world were a-comin' to, *she* didn'! Young folks a-keepin' o' secrets from their elders and betters, what knew how to help and advise 'em! 'Twarn't respeckful, that it warn't. An' things was very different in *her* young days! Well, she supposed it all come from them God-forsaken steam-ingines!"

Nelly did her work at the grocery as usual, preserving an unruffled demeanour which irritated the curious almost beyond bearing.

Meanwhile, Johnny was on the trail. A sort of bloodhound instinct had come upon him suddenly in the night, and with it the certainty that he should have no rest till he obeyed its promptings.

Nelly was secret as the grave. To her only he had whispered his heart's thought. And Nelly had been kind and tender. She had not laughed; he loved her doubly after that! She had bidden him go, if he felt he must, and had sworn, by all she held sacred, not to divulge what he had told her.

"Nelly," he had said, as they stood on the shore in the moonlight, hand in hand, as lovers ought.

"Nelly, lass, I tell 'ee I seed it, plain as a picture! There was that there old castle, 'an that there old empty moat. An' inside o' the castle, under the pointed windy, there was that there Geoffrey Smith the convic' a-lyin' all along in the ivy, sound asleep like a babby! It's got that hold o' me, Nell, I must go there or bust!"

Whether Johnny had been dreaming or whether he had seen a vision, Nelly did not worry over. He was the seventh son of a seventh son, was Johnny, an' they was often queer-like. If he felt that bad about it, go he must, o' course. *She* wouldn' be the one to stop him!

Johnny easily got his leave of absence—he had never had a holiday before! He rose at dawn, took half a loaf and a lump of cheese in a handkerchief, and set off on his tramp across country.

It was twenty miles to Herne Castle, and Johnny had not been there since his childhood. But the bloodhound instinct seemed to guide him. Straight and sure he trudged forward.

The ground was heavy with recent rain, and the way lay across fields lying fallow, over hedges and ditches and across a huge extent of common. It was nightfall before he reached Herne village.

"Well, there be no hurry," he said to himself. "He were asleep, when I seed'n, an' it were the dead middle o' the night. I reckon I'll have a bite o' summat at this yer farm, an' go up to the castle after."

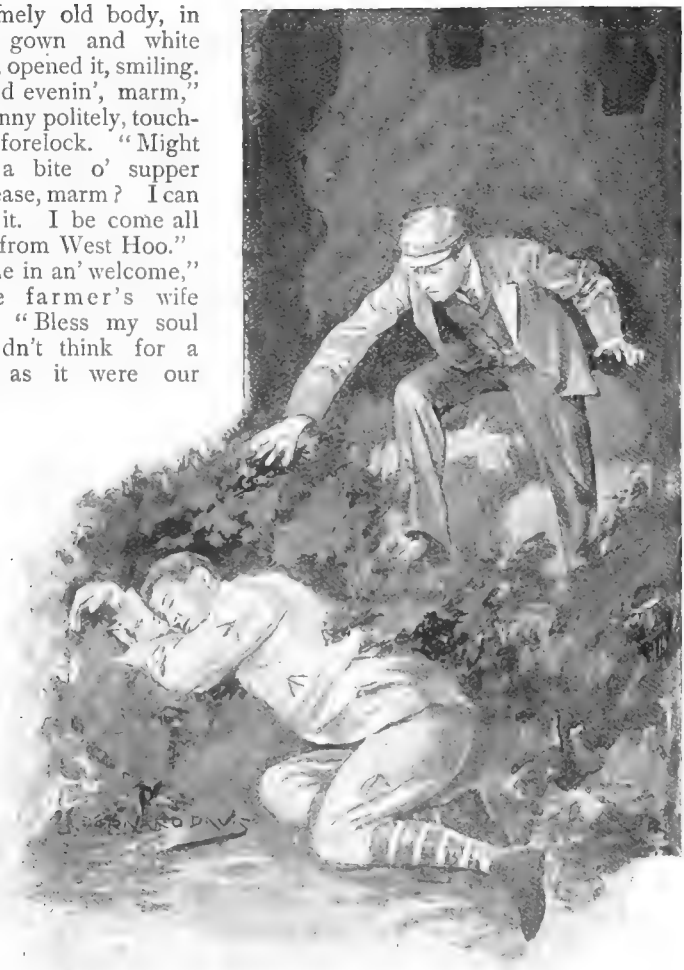
The gate swung open to the roadside. Johnny passed through, and rapped on the old-fashioned wooden door.

Google

A comely old body, in a stuff gown and white kerchief, opened it, smiling.

"Good evenin', marm," said Johnny politely, touching his forelock. "Might I have a bite o' supper here, please, marm? I can pay for it. I be come all the way from West Hoo."

"Come in an' welcome," said the farmer's wife kindly. "Bless my soul if I didn't think for a minute as it were our Willyum home from the war! You be that like 'un—same as two peas, as they say! My man 'll be rare pleased to see anyone from West Hoo—he were born an' bred there. Now I wonder if you do know anybody name o' Day?"



There lay the convict of his visions, sleeping like a child.

"Well, there be old Mrs. Day, what were Mary Rawlins afore she married," suggested Johnny.

"There now! Just think o' that! Mary Rawlins still alive! She an' my man, they was schoolmates down to West Hoo—he often talks o' Mary Rawlins. They was keepin' company once, afore she met Day or my man see me. A rare pretty girl they do say. But come in, come in—and don't talk to me o' payin', sonny—you 'm that like my Willyum!"

Johnny went in, and made the acquaintance of the burly farmer, of his two stalwart sons, home from their work in the fields, and of three robust country lasses who minded the dairy. One and all treated him like a dear, long-lost friend. The good wife poured him out a bumper of home-made cider. The good man pressed him to bacon and greens. They gave him the best chair—and made him sit in it. They put his wet boots to the fire, and overwhelmed him with sympathy for his way-worn condition.

The great fire flickered cheerily on the clean, red-tiled floor, on the whitewashed walls, the black beams, the oaken furniture. An old grandfather's-clock ticked merrily in the corner. The chimney-piece was laden with gleaming pewter, the dresser with jolly, willow-pattern dishes. Johnny wished he had just such a home to give Nell.

After supper came family prayers. The farmer unclasped a big black Bible, and proceeded to read the story of David and Saul—Saul in the cave and David cutting off a piece of his clothing. Johnny listened rather sleepily. When it was over he rose to go.

The hospitable farm-folk pressed him to stay the night, but Johnny would not be persuaded. When they realised that it was useless, they let him go, with hand-shakes all round and hearty good wishes. Johnny went

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out into the murky night, and started on his quest, feeling unaccountably mean.

Tramp, tramp, trudge, trudge. Here was Herne Castle at last, and Johnny stood gazing up at it. Old and grand it rose, a frowning pile, noble and bold, against the dark night-sky. Rows of empty casements loomed like blind eyes in the massive wall. Ivy hung all over it, drooping, festooning. Tower and battlement, black, solemn, silent, inspired awe, reverence almost. For a moment Johnny held his breath.

But the impression faded, and he wandered round till he found the drawbridge. He crossed it, passed under the hoary gateway, and turned to the right. A Norman window was above him; Johnny stretched his hands forward and stirred the ivy on the bank beneath it. He gave a sudden cry of surprise. There lay the convict of his visions, sleeping like a little child!

Johnny stood transfixed. A smile stole over his face as he thought of the reward and his darling Nell. What times they would have together, now, at last! Sweet Nell, pretty Nell, with her golden hair. Dear Nell, who had not laughed——!

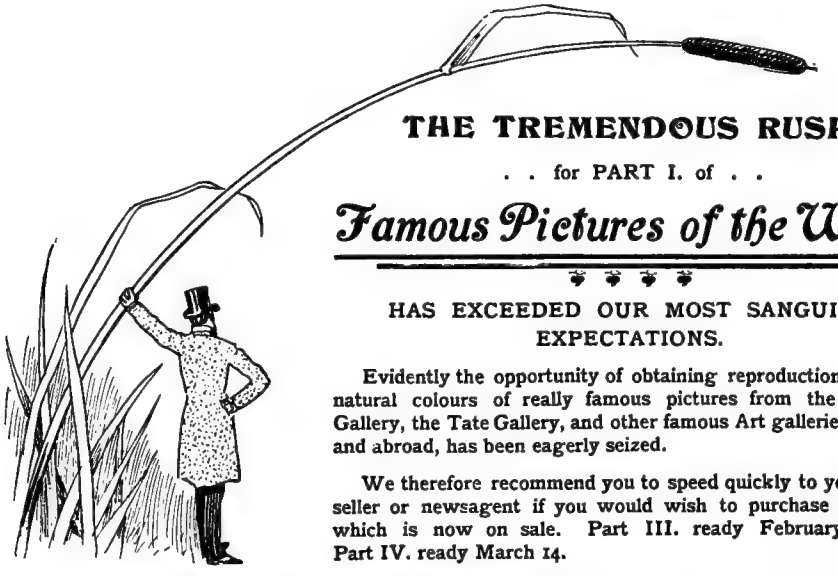
But here another picture rushed into Johnny's brain, blurring the last. Was not he, Johnny Yeandle, David, while here at his feet lay sleeping Saul? Oh, woe, woe! The thing could not be done! All his long tramp had been in vain! Johnny was not cruel enough, not mean enough, as he saw it, to catch this man in his sleep and give him up to justice.

"Good-bye, Nell!" he said to himself. "Good-bye, love! God help me. I can't do it!"

He just brushed a tear away with his rough coat-sleeve, and turned to go. But a thought struck him. He went back, drew his knife from his pocket, and, very carefully, without waking the sleeper, cut off a bit of his jacket with the broad arrow on it. Then, with a deep sigh, he turned, and took the first step of his tramp back through the darkened fields, home to West Hoo.

* * * * *

But, after all, Johnny and Nell were safely married in due season. For very soon Johnny got a rise in his wages, and old Mrs. Day, dying, left her cottage and furniture to Nell. They are a prosperous young couple, and very contented with their quiet lot. And Nelly guards the bit of stuff marked with the prison stamp as one of her dearest treasures.



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A Woman Of Many Faces

All about Miss Phipps, the Greatest Grimacer in the World.

By Stanley White.

Illustrated with Photographs by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

Her face is her fortune. As a little girl Miss Elizabeth Phipps petrified her school-fellows with a horrible grimace, or, if they pleased her, with such an amusing facial extravaganza as set them roaring by the hour together. She used to make faces in school hours, when she thought the teacher was not looking, and, naughty herself, was the cause of naughtiness in others. For what children could concentrate attention on geography or a spelling

Miss Phipps's normal expression.

"You would, would you!"

book with such a little girl-clown in their midst? So teachers who are not always blind, even if they do wear spectacles, used to keep little Elizabeth in after school, and on her return home she would take consolation in posing before the mirror and trying to surpass all previous attempts to make herself hideous.

The habit grew, and her friends became alarmed. They would often gravely tell her—just when her features were screwed up into one of her specially aggravating masks—"your face will freeze like that."

At this Elizabeth would be a little frightened, and for a day or two her pretty, demure little face would remain as Nature intended. But not for long; her genius for grimace could not be restrained. She was sure to see something to tickle her fancy: somebody would come along with a face displaying marked traits which she felt she must mimic, if she died for it.

At that time she must have been one of the most exasperating of imps. Folks

Google

Hopelessly demented.

about her were not altogether sorry, perhaps, when her talents found a wider outlet on the stage. But it was not as a facial contortionist that Miss Phipps first trod the boards. Her passion for making faces, however, followed her to the stage door, as assuredly it would have followed her anywhere else.

During rehearsal Miss Phipps's face sometimes wore expressions not intended by the author of the piece, and attracted the attention of the stage manager, as in days of yore it had attracted the attention of her school-teacher. With this difference, however, that the manager approved the grimaces, and saw money in them.

She received an offer to go to France to show the French people what an American girl could do with the mobility of her features. Miss Phipps was quite willing; such an opportunity of exercising her curious bent was by no means to be despised. But her parents and friends thought her too young to take so long a journey on a professional engagement.

It was during a visit to Boston of Sarah Bernhardt and company, when Miss Phipps had been doing extra work at the Boston Theatre, that she met the great actor, Coquelin.

One evening, while waiting in the wings to see Madame Bernhardt come off the stage, she suddenly heard a voice behind her ask: "*Parlez vous Français?*" Turning, she recognised M. Coquelin. Stepping back, she treated the Frenchman to a series of her best grimaces, which caused him to laugh loudly. He was just due to go on the stage, and Miss Phipps thought little more of the incident, and was only glad of it because she had been noticed by so great an actor.

Her surprise was therefore great when shortly afterwards a valet came inquiring for "the girl who could make such ugly faces." Coquelin tried hard to persuade her to join the company and visit Europe, but the opposition of friends was too strong.

While her features are in repose there is nothing in Miss Phipps's face to

"I've cut my finger! Boo-oo-oo!"

Google

prepare the observer for the shock that awaits him the moment she chooses to put the facial muscles in motion. On the contrary, her normal expression, like the "Heathen Chinee's," is childlike and bland, or as fascinating and demure as Edna May's when she sings the Salvation Army girl's song. One moment you are looking at a sweet-faced, intelligent girl; the next Caliban confronts you, full of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

Then, perhaps, the harsh and angry lines disappear, the cheeks fall in, the eyes close, the lips are pursed into an inane simper, and it looks as though the young lady had suddenly become a hopeless lunatic.

Miss Phipps's crying face is one of her most extraordinary achievements. It is at once irresistably funny and truly pathetic.

Some of her faces are readily recognised as old friends, others seem to belong to different worlds from this. The sullen face is very human and characteristic—a picture of irredeemable obstinacy, resentment,

"I am noted for my fetching smile."

and sense of injury. Office boys wear a face like to this when things do not go well with them.

Really some of Miss Phipps's grimaces are so appalling that they might well scare a nervous person out of his wits. But if we should show signs of fright the antidote is at hand, and sublime malignity is succeeded by such expansive benevolence as to make one feel cloyed with too much sweetness.

Some of Miss Phipps's faces are scarcely human, and one of them especially is so strange and unearthly that it might well serve as the portrait of the denizen of some strange and terrible world—such as the planet Mars seems to be, according to Mr. Wells. I should not like Miss Phipps to look at me with the Martian grimace the last thing at night. As Mr. Mantalini would say, it gives one "a nasty creepy, demnition kind of a feeling."

Most of her faces are of the heavy Adelphi drama type, though she has her lighter moods. She can be humorous—

The Martian face—the sort of face to make you dream if you happen to see it before you go to bed.

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"Pooh!"

she often is—but her very humour is a thing not to be trifled with—there is strong character in every upward curve. Her faces are seldom inane, they always command respect, and often fear.

All her poses are sublime. She can be more impertinent than the rudest of schoolboys, more sinister than the arch criminal in Sherlock Holmes, more ridiculous than a clown in a circus, and more spiteful than a cat in a corner.

As a reciter, Miss Phipps, thanks to her marvellous control of her face muscles, has created quite a sensation in her own country. One can fancy her rendering of the "Dream of Eugene Aram," or "Christmas Day in the Workhouse."

Her repertoire of droll and terrible expressions is ever increasing. Like Charles Dickens, she derives most of her inspirations from real life, though, like him, her portraiture owes its originality to a liberal leaven of exaggeration.

In a recent interview Miss Phipps said that none of her faces were made by accident. She had names for all of them. There is the mad Irishwoman face and the Brownie face; she might have added the disgusted wife's face, the cannot-have-a-new-bonnet face, the "I-shan't-so-there!" face, the "what-a-funny-little-man-you-are" face, and others too numerous to mention. It is not only as a facial contortionist that Miss Phipps is gifted; she has histrionic talent, and she also sings well.

She does not want to sink into a variety artist, she has dramatic instincts and ambitions. She will certainly have this advantage over the general run of actors—she will not need half the usual make-up to produce the wished-for effect, as facility in the line of facial expression will take the place of paint.

Major Pond, who may well be described as the Barnum of literary and artistic lions, is a great admirer of Miss Phipps' curious art. Under his management she has done a great deal of work as a recitationist and monologist, and he may persuade her to visit England yet. She will not find the British public behind Americans in the appreciation of such merit as she possesses.

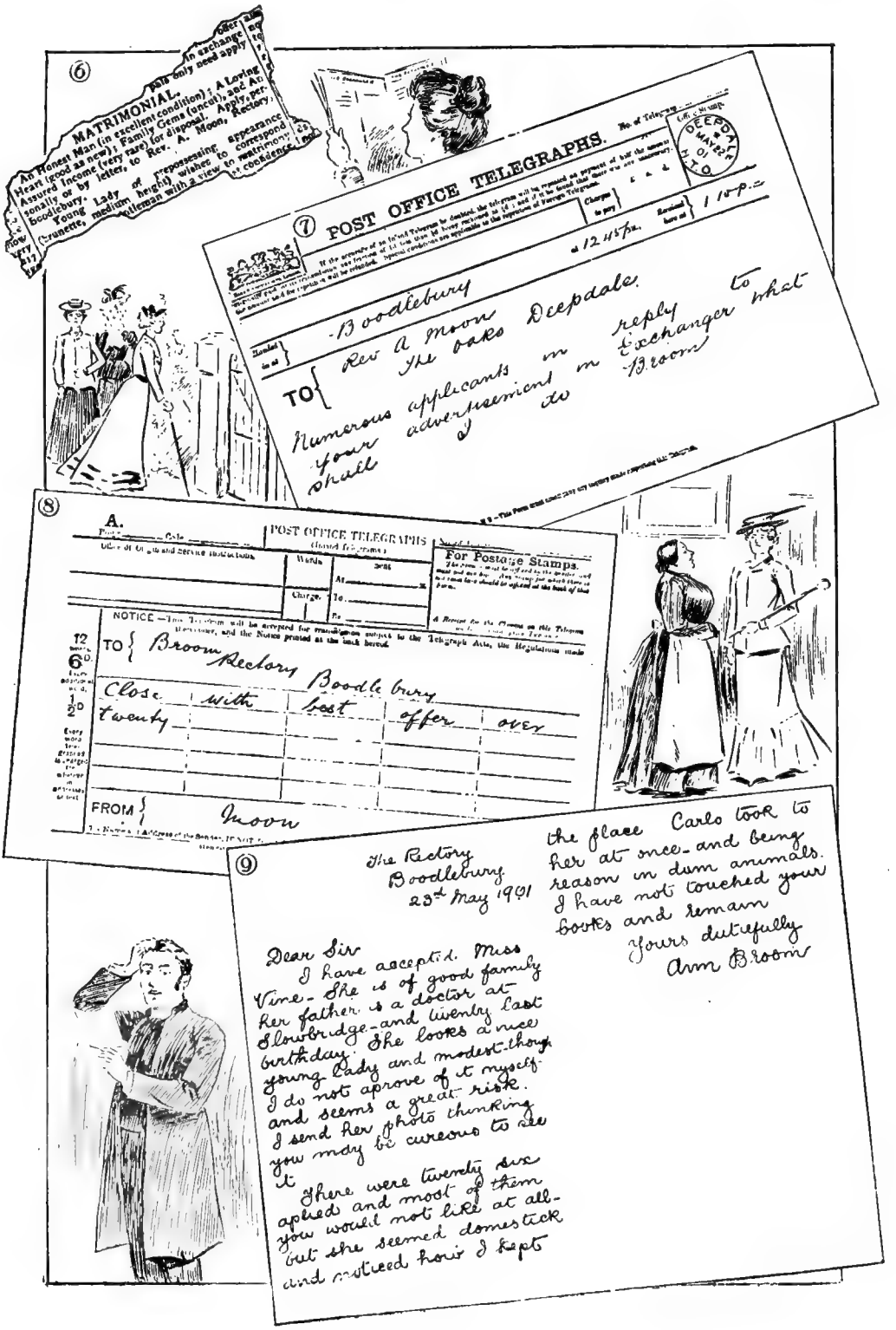
The sullen face—"I don't care. I shan't. So there!"

Google

SOLD! A STORY TOLD IN DOCUMENTS

By OWEN OLIVER

Google


⑥
MATRIMONIAL.
An Honest Man (in excellent condition); A Loving Heart (good as new); Family Gems (uncut), and An Assured Income (very rare) for disposal. Apply, personally or by letter, to Rev. A. Moon, Rectory, Boodlebury.
Young Lady of prepossessing appearance (Brunette, medium height) wishes to correspond with Gentleman with a view to matrimony. Strict confidence.
⑦
POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.
DEC 20 MAY 20 1901 H 10
Boodlebury
Rev A Moon Deepdale. The Oaks
TO
Numerous applicants in reply to your advertisement in Exchanger what I shall do
⑧
A.
POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS
For Postage Stamps.
NOTICE
TO Broom Rectory Boodlebury
Close with twenty lost offer over
FROM Moon
⑨
The Rectory
Boodlebury
23rd May 1901
Dear Sir
I have accepted Miss Vine. She is of good family Her father is a doctor at Slowbridge and twenty Last birthday. She looks a nice young Lady and modest though I do not aprove of it myself and seems a great risk. I send her photo thinking you may be curious to see it
There were twenty five applied and most of them you would not like at all but she seemed domestick and noticed how I kept the place Carlo took to her at once and being reason in dum animals. I have not touched your books and remain
Yours dutifully
Ann Broom

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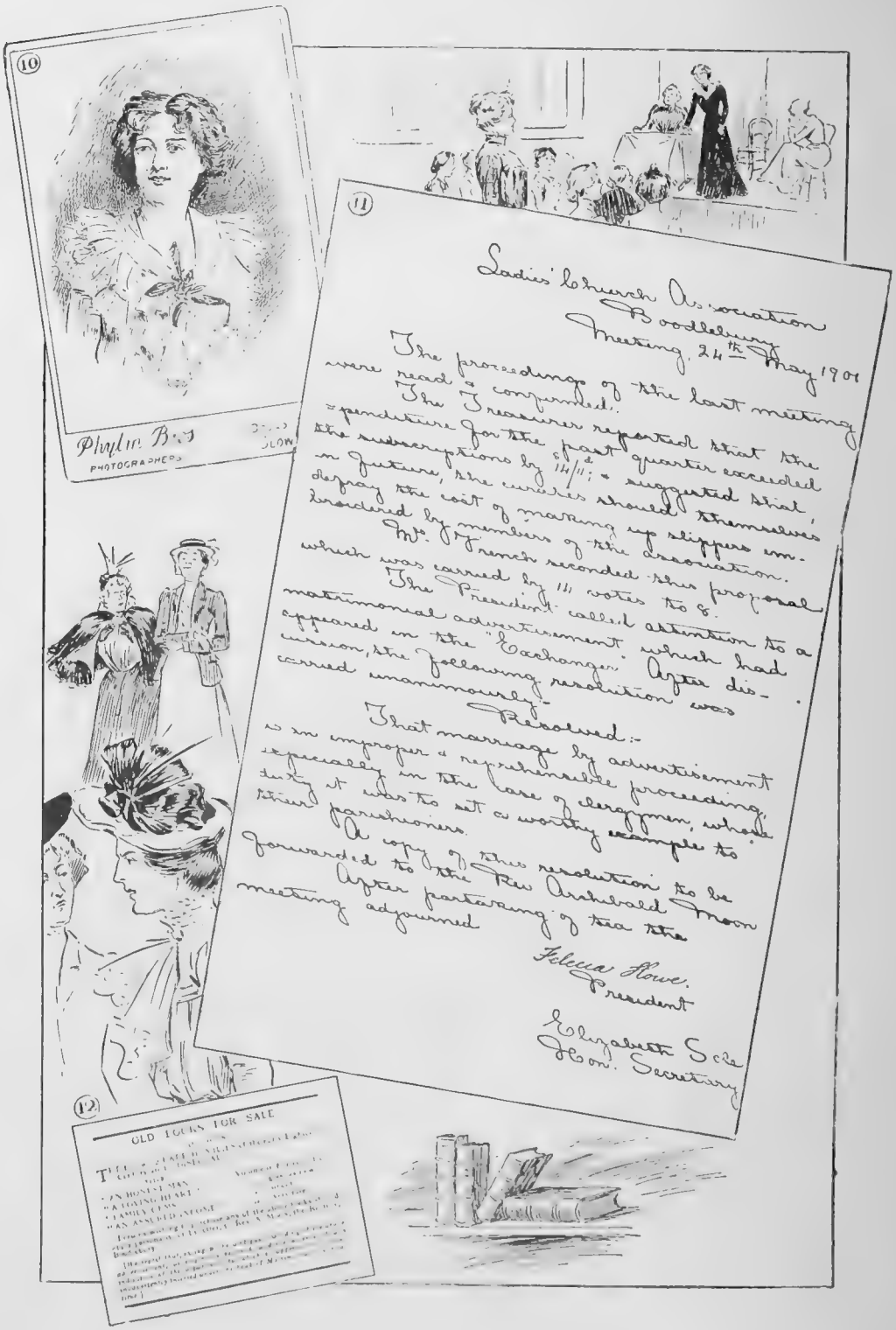
10
Phyllis Bros
PHOTOGRAPHERS
11
Ladies' Church Association
Boodleburg
Meeting, 24th May 1901
The proceedings of the last meeting were read & confirmed.
The Treasurer reported that the expenditure for the past quarter exceeded the subscriptions by £14/11/2; & suggested that, in future, the ladies should themselves defray the cost of making up slippers embroidered by members of the Association.
Mrs. Jones seconded the proposal which was carried by 11 votes to 8.
The President called attention to a matrimonial advertisement which had appeared in the "Exchange". After discussion, the following resolution was carried unanimously.
Resolved:-
That marriage by advertisement is an improper & reprehensible proceeding, especially in the case of clergymen, whose duty it is to set an worthy example to their parishioners.
A copy of this resolution to be forwarded to the Rev Archibald Snow
After partaking of tea the meeting adjourned
Helena Howe.
President
Elizabeth Sole
Hon. Secretary
12
OLD LOCKS FOR SALE

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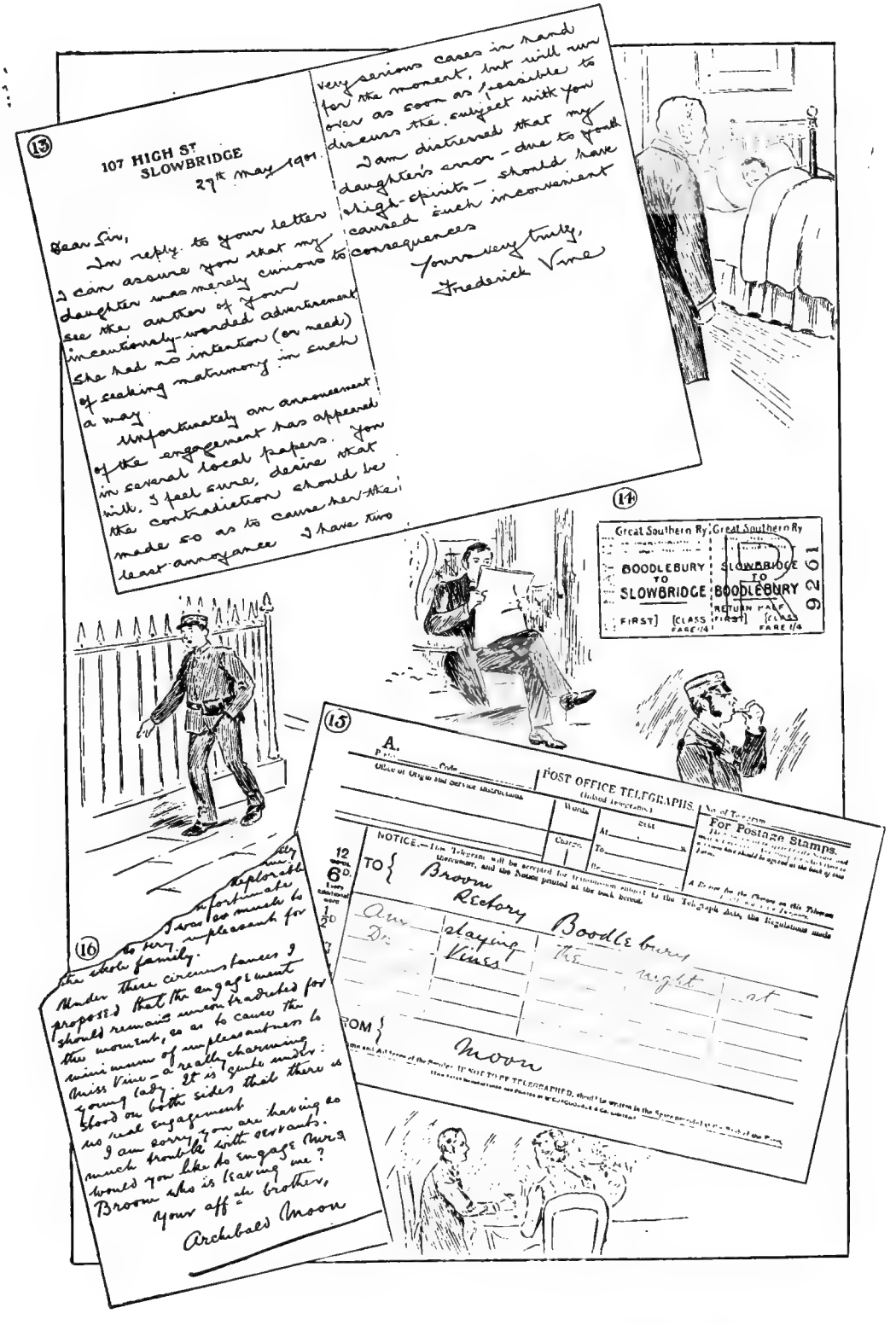
13
107 HIGH ST
SLOWBRIDGE
27th May 1901
Dear Sir,
In reply to your letter I can assure you that my daughter was merely curious to see the author of your incautiously-worded advertisement She had no intention (or need) of seeking matrimony in such a way.
Unfortunately an announcement of the engagement has appeared in several local papers. You will, I feel sure, desire that the contradiction should be made so as to cause her the least annoyance I have two very serious cases in hand for the moment, but will run over as soon as possible to discuss the subject with you
I am distressed that my daughter's error - due to high spirits - should have caused such inconvenient consequences
Yours very truly,
Frederick Vine
14
Great Southern Ry
BOODLEBURY TO SLOWBRIDGE
FIRST [CLASS] FARE 1/4
Great Southern Ry
SLOWBRIDGE TO BOODLEBURY
RETURN HALF [CLASS] FARE 1/4
9261
15
A.
POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.
For Postage Stamps.
NOTICE.—This Telegram will be accepted for transmission subject to the Telegraph Acts, the Regulations made thereunder, and the Notices printed at the back hereof.
TO { Broom Rectory Boodleburys
Am staying Kinsas the night at
FROM { Moon
16
Slowbridge
Dear Archie,
I am so sorry to say that the engagement proposed that the engagement should remain undeclared for the moment, so as to cause the minimum of unpleasantness to Miss Vine - a really charming young lady - it is quite understood on both sides that there is no real engagement
I am sorry you are having so much trouble with servants. Would you like to engage Mrs Broom who is leaving me?
Your affte brother,
Archibald Moon

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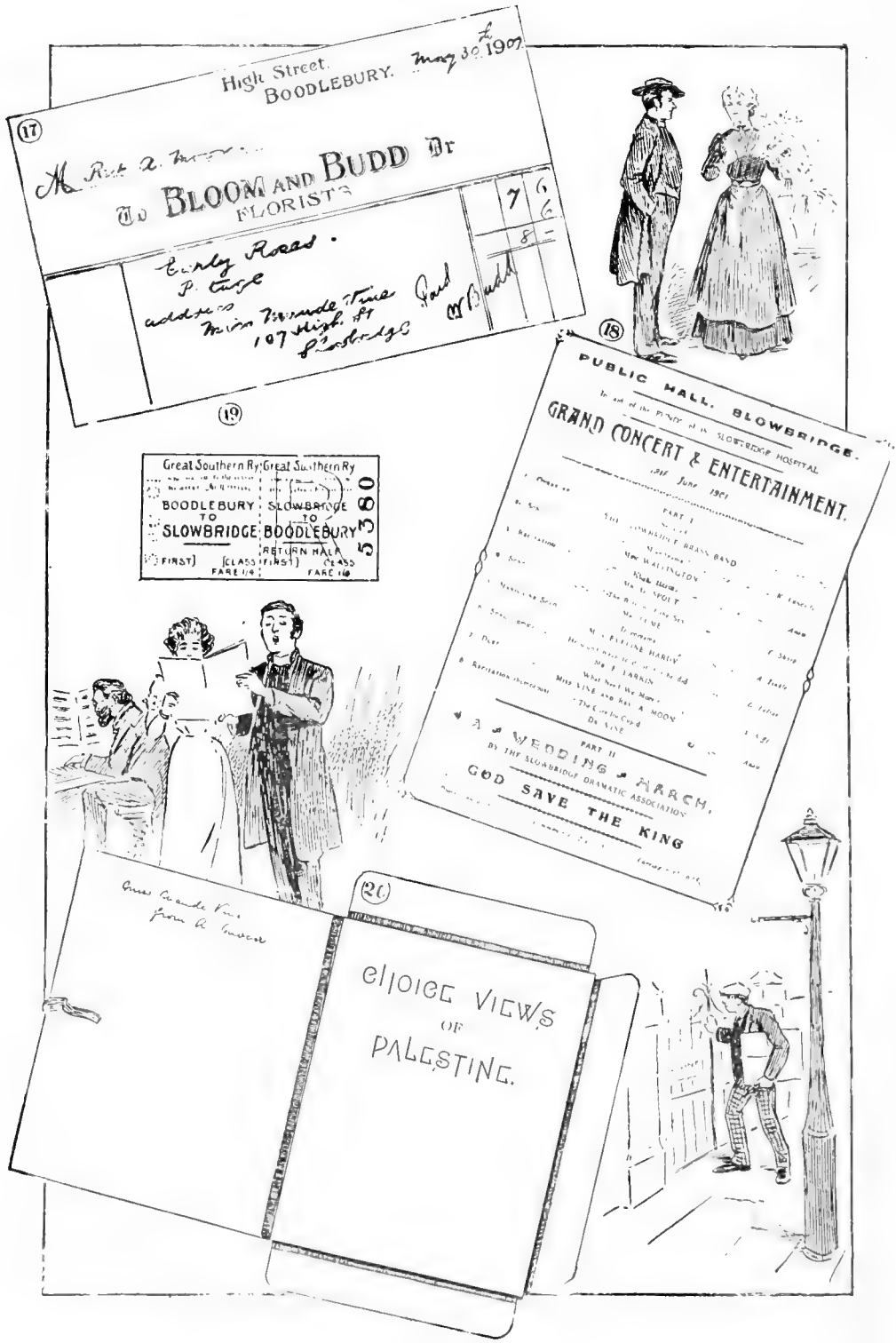
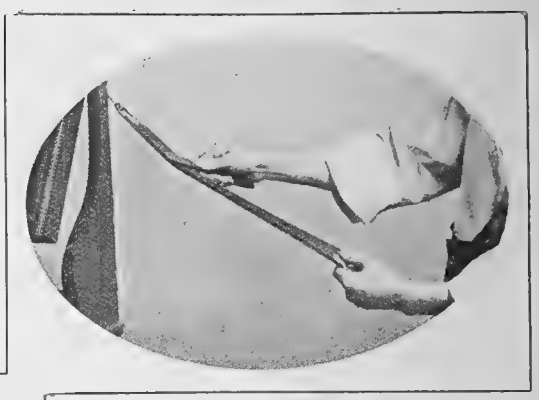

(17)
High Street,
BOODLEBURY.
May 30th 1907
To BLOOM AND BUDD FLORISTS Dr
7 6
8 -
Early Roses.
P. Cash
address
Miss Brande Tree
107 High St
Slowbridge
Paid
W. Budd
(19)
(18)
PUBLIC HALL, SLOWBRIDGE.
GRAND CONCERT & ENTERTAINMENT.
PART I
PART II
A WEDDING MARCH.
GOD SAVE THE KING
Great Southern Ry
BOODLEBURY TO SLOWBRIDGE
SLOWBRIDGE TO BOODLEBURY
RETURN HALF
FIRST
FARE 1/6
5380
(20)
choice views
OF
PALESTINE.

Google

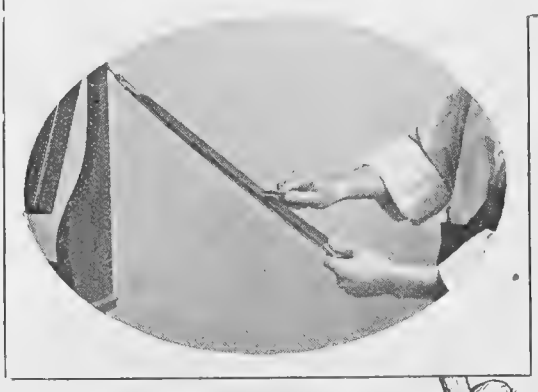
(1)
IF ONLY WE TWO WERE ONE
WORDS BY
MAURICE RYMER
MUSIC BY
V. BRAGOVSKY
PRICE 2/6 NET
COPYRIGHT
LONDON
(22)
GREAT SOUTHERN RAILWAY
FIRST CL.
PASS
BOODLEBURY
SLOWBRIDGE
(24)
THE EXCHANGER
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER'S OFFICE
13 Press Lane,
LONDON, E.C
5th Dec 1901
Dear Sir,
Rev A Moon,
The Rectory,
BOODLEBURY.
Advertisement Manager.
(23)
Maude Terse
Rev'd and Mrs A Moon
Rectory
Boodlebury
At Home
15th Dec 1901
(25)
No. 10651
16th Dec 1901
The Counties and General Banking Co Limited
(Boodlebury Branch)
Pay advt Manager, The Exchanger or Order
ten shillings
£ 10/-
Archibald Moon.

Google

RAZOR AND STROP



The proper method of stropping. The razor must be drawn along with the blade flat against the strop and turned over on its back, not on its edge. The best strop to use is a loose leather one with a canvas coating on one side.



The wrong method of stropping. You are drawing the razor with its edge at an angle down the strop.

In lathering the face, keep two fingers on the brush so as to rub the soap well into the skin.

By T. Parker Wilson.

So far as mere man is concerned, much hair is condemned by modern fashion, and whether it be that discouragement has a deleterious effect upon its growth or, certain it is that to-day the average man of forty has a very sparse crop. With the ladies it is the reverse. In them hair is recognised as a beauty. But man must get his hair cut twice a month, and wrestle day by day with the stubbly crop upon his chin.

It is true there are careless souls who let their beards grow, regardless of the connection drawn by the world between old age and beards.

Still, this idea does exist, and especially in these latter days, when men are too old at forty, few can afford to disregard it. The only thing that can be done, therefore, is to temper the blade to the shorn man.

Shaving and Duncan have this much in common—the murder of sleep. But for shaving one might have an extra quarter of an hour in bed—a priceless boon indeed. Shaving may be a luxury in America, but here, at least, its pains outweigh its pleasures. But those pains may be mitigated or enormously aggravated accordingly as the shaver is scientific or ignorant.

I will not attempt the impossible—to describe to non-shavers the exquisite torture of a blunt razor, and to shavers such an explanation were unnecessary. Still, there are points even in this connection that the lay mind may appreciate. Imagine yourself standing in the early morning, your pallid visage reflected in the mirror by the fitful gleam of a candle. You have made your razor blunt by stropping it in the wrong way. You are using cold water

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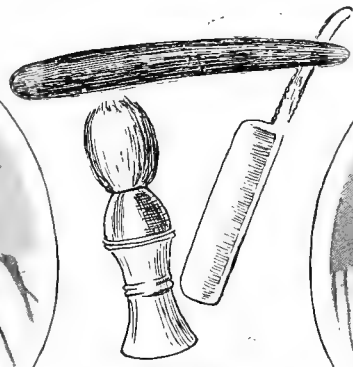
Shaving the right cheek. Bring the razor in one sweep from below the temple to the chin. There is no necessity to steady the face with the left hand.



In shaving the left cheek, learn to use the left hand.

A clean sweep across the chin.

You must not tighten your under-lip when shaving, otherwise you run the risk of cutting it.

The upper lip can be shaved with two strokes, and if the razor is properly sharp there is no need to tighten the skin.

When you have shaved the whole face, wash it with warm water and go over it again without a second lathering.

though you ought to have it hot. You have no proper shaving soap receptacle, but have been chasing a small piece of yellow soap round and round an ordinary soap-dish, until you think you have rubbed off enough lather to go all over your face. The operation has made you cold and a little fretful.

The face being lathered you start shaving the right side. The razor glides easily over the surface, taking with it the soap, but leaving the hair untouched. Again you must paddle to the washstand for more soap, and you furiously strop the razor, making it blunter than before.

All this time the soap on the other parts of the face has been forming into a sticky, uncomfortable crust—the skin smarts and irritates unbearably.

Google

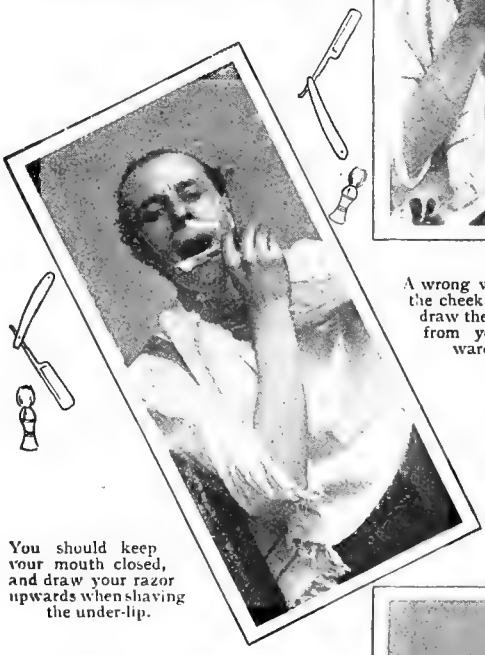
Then you recognise that if you are to be shaved actual force must be used.

A sensation as of the hair being torn up by the roots is the result. You now realise that by the time you are ready for the left side the soap will have hardened into an impenetrable mask, so you take it off with a towel and content yourself with lathering a couple of inches at a time, working with the razor over this limited space. Your little niggling strokes take much time; you have not the courage nor the razor for bold time-saving sweeps.

Most of this suffering may be avoided. In stropping the razor see that you turn it on its back, instead of on its edge. With a keen razor a courageous man may do anything. Don't be afraid to take bold strokes. Commencing under the temple one swift stroke should bring the razor down to the level of the chin, leaving the surface traversed perfectly mown. Another downward sweep should clear the right side of the cheek.

With the exception of shaving up, so long as the skin is loose, there is little danger of cutting. Learn to use both hands. The left should be employed for the left side of the face. Change the razor to the right hand, and one sweep from left to right the lower portions of the face, including the chin, are done.

A wrong way of shaving the cheek. You should draw the razor away from you, not towards you.



You should keep your mouth closed, and draw your razor upwards when shaving the under-lip.

There is no need to tighten the skin when shaving the upper lip.

Your razor should be sharp: then there is no necessity for these horrible grimaces.

The angle at which the hair grows varies in different individuals and at different parts of the face. In close shaving the razor should first be used with the grain, and afterwards against it. At the sides most people must shave directly up for the second time, the right hand being used for the left side and *vice versâ*, the razor being turned in the hand so that the thumb rests on the inside of the haft and the back of the razor on the inside of the fingers. Shave with the grain only at the throat, in most cases up, as that is an exceptionally tender part.

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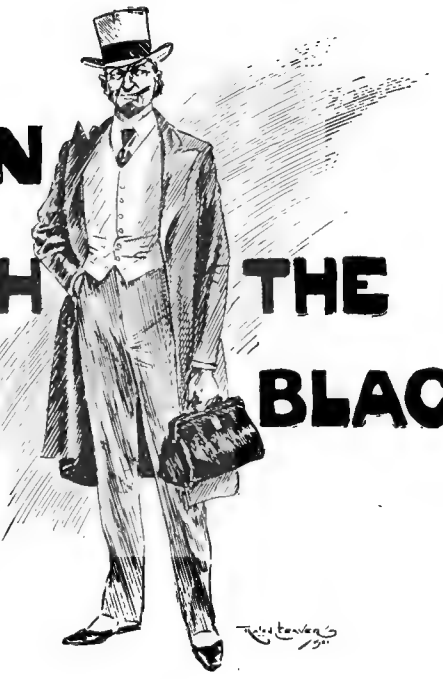
THE MAN WITH THE BLACK BAG

BY
FRANK VERNON



For two whole days the Salt Lake City express had been steaming, puffing and snorting, and now that it was within a few hours of its destination, it seemed to put new energy into each of these operations. Everything outside and everything inside the train was covered with the red dust of the desert. Books, papers, and conversation had long been discarded by the passengers; even games of cards seemed to grow tiresome.

There was only one of the many who occupied the saloon car who was quite contented and happy; hour after hour he looked out of the window of the carriage, his face covered with an expression which denoted that he observed nothing of the monotonous landscape through which the train was travelling. Now and then he would take out a pocket-book from a large black bag which he kept continuously by his side and enter something into it, after which he would carefully replace the book in its old position and continue enjoying his view of nothing.

A young Englishman, bright, honest faced, with fair hair, had tried to converse with him during the journey. A vivacious young lady of the half American, half Spanish kind, with "Pa" by her, reclined upon a seat smoking a cigarette—all of which very much interested the young Anglo-Saxon. As for the rest of the occupants of the carriage, they were of the usual American business men, most of whom talked "money" or played cards when they were not asleep. Twilight had come—always a most depressing time in an American express—and the passengers were informed through the nose of a dark attendant that dinner was served in the dining-saloon.

"Do you never dine?" inquired the young Englishman.

"No," curtly replied the man with the black bag and the pocket-book.

"Have dinner with me," invited the kindly youngster, thinking that his fellow-passenger looked as though he were in a state of impecuniosity.

"No," answered the other, "I prefer no dinner with digestion than train-car dinner with indigestion, thank you." This was the longest speech that the man with the black bag had made so far.

"Why, you might be a millionaire by the way you talk," laughed the bright young gentleman as he turned and followed the others, who were rushing towards the exit quite regardless of the fact that they were preceding the cigarette-smoking lady and her old father.

The dinner over, they all returned with the same rush to the saloon, and resumed their smoking and card-playing. It was now dark, and the dusty seats looked almost comfortable under the influence of the bright electric light.

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Suddenly there was a jerk, and the train came to a standstill. Then there was a great noise of shooting. It sounded as if a whole regiment of infantry were firing round the train.

"What's the row?" asked the young Englishman.

"We are held up," said the man with the black bag.

The half-Spanish girl moaned, started up, tore open the top part of her bodice, and from her neck took a string of the most beautiful diamonds and pearls. Then she bent down, opened a spittoon at her feet, put the necklace inside of it, and replaced the lid. This enterprise having been completed, she lit another cigarette and resumed her old position.

The young Englishman laughed, but before his hearty burst of laughter had subsided two men, dressed in rough riding breeches, ragged shirts, and top boots, made their appearance at the two extremities of the saloon carriage.

"All up," shouted one of the banditti, and simultaneously everybody put their hands above their heads, all save the young Anglo-Saxon, who thought that he required something which he carried in a pocket on his hip. There was a report before his hand arrived at his pocket, and a bullet passed within a few inches of his head and smashed a large glass window at the back of him.

"Now, see here, youngster," said one of the intruders, "try that game once more and I guess you'll never see your ma again."

"Say," said the man with the black bag, "you'd better put up like the rest of us," and the young man subdued his spirits and "put up" as he was requested.

"Now then, gentlemen," said the armed guard, "I guess we'll just make the Sunday collection for the poor. Jim, do yer dooty, and, see here, don't let none fall to the ground."

Then Jim fell to work. When he came to the semi-Spanish lady, he pulled aside her dress and looked at her neck. Then apologising for giving her any trouble, he kicked the spittoon, but passed on, at which our fair-haired boy laughed.

At last he came to the silent man with the black bag.

"Now then, nanny beard, fork out!" he shouted.

"Look here, boss," was the reply, "I'll just tell you how I'm situated. I'm a 'commercial' taking the 150 dollars I have in this 'bag down home to the firm."

"Guess that there firm will have to make a present of it to the poor. Now then, come, hand over."

"Right," says the man undoing the bag. "I was only going to tell you that this here carriage contains something worth twenty times that sum, and which same property you have just passed over. Guess you'll never find it, if you don't promise to leave me my $150, 'cos I can see the down express is just signalled."

"Then I reckon we'll blow the matter out of your head," replied Jim, holding a revolver between the commercial traveller's eyes.

"Stay, Jim, you fool!" shouted his companion, "that ain't the way to work it. There's not time to trouble the gentleman 'bout such little matters now," then turning towards the man with the bag, he added, "say now, boss, on the word of a man you shall keep your dollars if you tell us right here where we can find the sum mentioned."

"Right! it isn't money though, but a diamond necklace, and if you just lift up the lid of that spittoon, you'll find it right under your hand."

Something between a growl and a groan went round the company; the young Englishman dropped his hands and sprang to his feet. "Jim, present arms," cried Jim's superior officer, and the revolver was transferred to the fair head of hair.

"Sit down, young 'un!" said the man with the black bag. "Don't worry—that game isn't any good!" So the youth sat down, and comforted himself by clenching his fists in the air—during which time Jim's chief was extracting the diamond necklace from the spittoon, and placing it in his pocket amid sobs of the half-Spanish lady.

"Right sorry to have caused yer so much inconvenience, mum," said Jim apologetically, still holding the revolver at the head of the enraged Britisher. "Say, boss, there's the whistle, we best shift, and quick!"

Jim backed to the exit stile pointing his revolver at the same object, thus covering the retreat of his chief. When they had gained the door of the saloon, they both disappeared like a flash of lightning, and a moment afterwards the sound of galloping horses was heard upon the sandy substance outside.

The youngster with the fair hair drew his revolver, put his head through the broken glass and fired at the place from whence the, now distant, sound seemed to come, but the report was only answered by three peals of laughter. "Still your game's no good," said the man with the black bag—"you're only wasting the contents of your revolver."

Google

This remark drew the attention of the young man from the robbers, and with flashing eyes he turned upon the person from whom it came.

"You—you infernal blackguard!" he shouted. "You coward to take advantage of a woman's confidence like that! You wretched low-bred Yankee brute—"

"Listen here," said one of the business men, "listen here, young man, he's low-bred, he's a coward and he's a blackguard! But we'd rather you didn't call him a Yankee, because he isn't one to play that kind of game, and for two cents I'd put a bullet through his head!" This was applauded by all his fellow-business-men.

"There, there, child!" said the young lady's "Pa," "we must do the best we can now. Gentlemen," he said turning to the rest of the passengers, "this is a severe blow to her. Those few diamonds were worth some 5000 dollars, and we were going up to Salt Lake City to realise on them, so that we could pay off a mortgage upon a small estate, which, like the diamond necklace, has been the property of my family for generations. The loss we have just sustained will, I fear, bring us to nothing short of ruin."

This speech was greeted with renewed sobs from the lady.

"Get up," cried the impetuous youth to the man with the bag, "get up; and at least let me have the satisfaction of punching your head!"

"Stay," called another passenger from the far end of the saloon. "We'll just stand by him when we arrive at Salt Lake City, and guess it'll be an easy matter to have him taken charge of when we tell the police of what has happened—for, he's nothing less than an accomplice of the thieves that have just decamped."

This idea seemed to meet, first of all, with astonishment, and then with approbation.

"Gad," laughed our fair-haired friend, "that's good! I've just lost all I brought into this country to make a fortune with, but, by Jove, I'd give it all over again ten times to see this blackguard get what he deserves!"

The train moved on and all the enraged passengers took their seats again and passed the time by glaring at the man with the black bag, as if they feared that he might melt or vanish into space.

"Yes, I reckon it's 'bout time some of you did a bit of breathing," he said, looking round. "I never enter into discussions; it

"If you just lift up the lid of that spittoon, you'll find it right under your hand."

Google

upsets my digestion and costs no end in 'Dyspepsia Gum.'" Here he opened his bag, and, taking out the pocket-book, he quietly made an entry therein, then he tore out a page, upon which he also wrote. "Yes!" he continued, "if any one of you had as much wear and tear as I have had during the past few years, that individual would soon come to my way of thinking, though, judging from your looks, I don't think there's one who could stand such a strain for more than a few months without turning himself into a corpse."

Then addressing the young lady's "Pa," he said: "That necklace, you say, boss, was worth 5000 dollars? Well! I save you the trouble of staying in the Salt Lake City for any longer than you care to do for your own pleasure, for see here, I buy the necklace from you for 10,000 dollars."

Saying this, he put his hand into the black bag and drew out a bundle of bank-notes, part of which he handed to the astonished old man.

"Say, youngster," he continued, facing the fair-haired Britisher. "You're rash, but I guess I like you." Then he added in a sharp, business-like tone, at the same time handing the lad some of the notes he had taken from the bag, also the paper he had torn from his pocket-book. "See here, now, there are a thousand dollars there. To-morrow before eleven o'clock you buy a hundred shares which are known by the name written on that paper. The money you'll make by it will start you square.

"Mum," he said, turning to the half-Spanish lady, at the same time lifting his hat, "I'm much obliged to you for your smartness. That bag contained over a million and a half of dollars, and though I am five times a millionaire, if that money had not arrived in Salt Lake City to-morrow, things would have gone pretty badly with me. Here's my card, mum. Don't be bashful about writing to me if you want a friend with a bit of ready cash at any time. But, see here, don't cry any more, 'cos I'm going to have a bit of a snooze before we arrive, and it upsets my digestion to be disturbed when I feel sleepy, and," he added, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "it costs no end in 'Dyspepsia Gum.'"

THE MAIDS OF LONG AGO.

By A. Forest.

I.

Do you find the maid alluring?
Is your love beyond all curing?
Are her charms as long enduring
As the charms of long ago?
Think a moment, I implore you,
Does her hockey never bore you?
Has she leisure to adore you
Like the maids of long ago?

II.

She is all my fancy painted,
I am sure, that, if acquainted,
I should scorn the maid who fainted
In the days of long ago.
When I come from town a-weary,
Modern girls are bright and cheery,
Not a prey to vapours dreary,
Like the maids of long ago.

III.

Do you think the costume striking
Which she wears when she is biking?
Should she dress to suit your liking
In the gowns of long ago?
Care you still to steal her kisses?
Do you think of vanished blisses
And the blushing, trusting misses
Of the days of long ago?

IV.

Would I change the comrade trusty
Of my long excursion dusty,
For the charms long since grown rusty
Of the maids of long ago?
No, their day is quite departed,
Vanished with their swains true-hearted,
Cupid's shafts are never darted
From the days of long ago.

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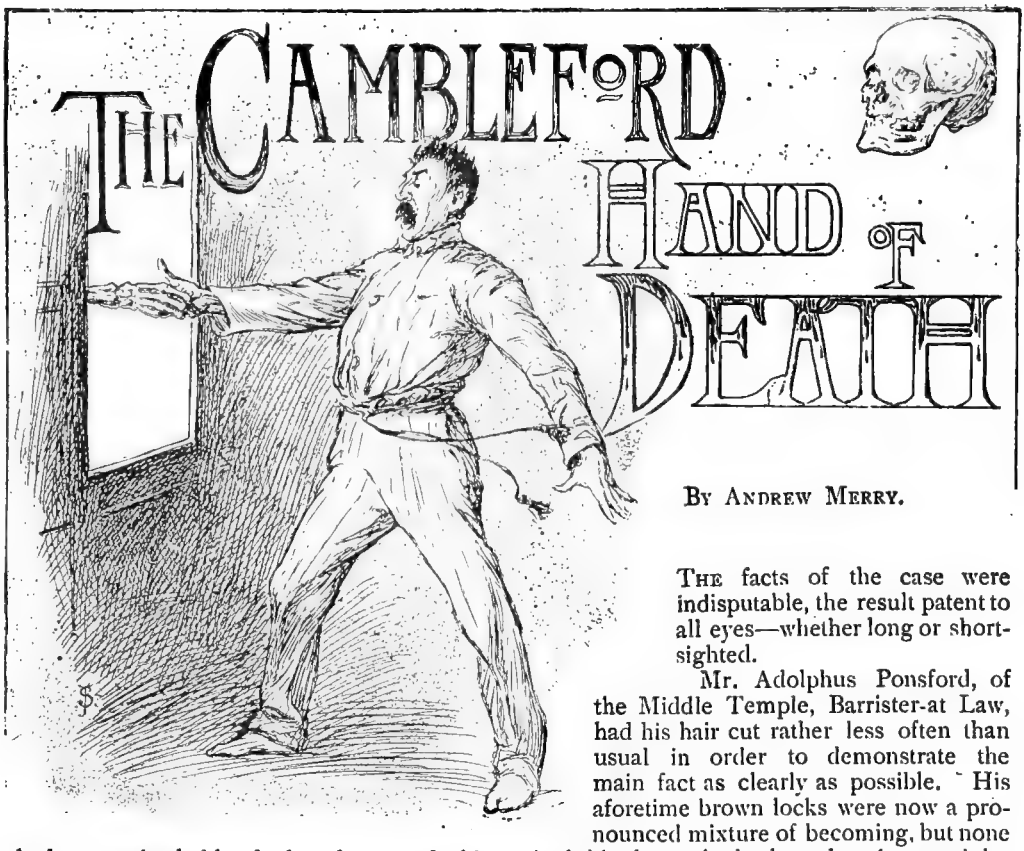

THE CAMBLEFORD HAND OF DEATH

By Andrew Merry.

The facts of the case were indisputable, the result patent to all eyes—whether long or short-sighted.

Mr. Adolphus Ponsford, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at Law, had his hair cut rather less often than usual in order to demonstrate the main fact as clearly as possible. His aforetime brown locks were now a pronounced mixture of becoming, but none the less unmistakable, shades of grey and white. And this change had taken place in one night.

Adolphus Ponsford had paid a visit in the last week of the month of October to his friend Lord Cambleford, and had arrived on *the* mystic night of all nights, that eerie eve of All Saints' Day, when spirits are free to roam abroad. He had left a select circle of admiring friends with a fairly well preserved crop of brown hair crowning his massive brow —on an errand not unconnected with sport.

To be strictly accurate he had very nearly lost several out of his large circle of acquaintances! Many had fallen victims to severe attacks of boredom, induced by the constant repetition of the astounding fact that he was invited by Lord Cambleford into Hertfordshire to try his luck at the longtails.

But when it was noised abroad that Adolphus had returned from his much talked of excursion, having only spent one night under his friend's roof—and that on this unexpected return he had at once taken to his bed and summoned learned physicians to his side, all memories of past boredom vanished and curiosity was rampant.

When a guarded report of his terrible experiences appeared in print, Mr. Ponsford blushed to find their publication spelt Fame—for the story was one to stagger the most pronounced sceptic. It was quickly clipped and exchanged—stolen as a whole or in part, and dressed and re-dressed to suit various palates by many literary cooks.

Mr. Ponsford bore the trial of all this publicity with wonderful fortitude.

He determined to dress the part, and purchased a nice grey frock coat. He curbed a deeply rooted love for lurid neck-gear. Bandana scarves, crochetted sailor knots and butterfly bows of brilliant hues languished for want of notice in the recesses of his wardrobe, sober ties of black, grey, white and shepherd's plaid henceforth alone encircled his manly throat.

Even the chaste "colours" of the Broxhill Golfing Club were excluded, though up to this he had habitually sported them. This particular tie had been especially knitted for him by the fair fingers of Mrs. Widgery, a rich widow, whom he intended one day to make his

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wife. She lived in the large villa over-looking Broxhill railway station.

It was with much pleasure just before Christmas that Mr. Ponsford learnt of the return of Mrs. Widgery, who had been staying in the south, by receiving an invitation to an evening At Home at her house. The note was couched in the following terms:

Railview Mansion, Broxhill.

MY DEAR MR. PONSFORD,

Do come to my little party! I quite *count* upon your acceptance. You won't be so heartless as to refuse poor little *me*—will you? I have so much I want to say, and more I want to *hear* from *you*. You must tell me *all* about your wonderful experience! I have become so intensely interested *lately*—in *such matters*. Would you think me a *horrid* bore if I asked you to give us the *whole story* yourself? Just as if we were a meeting of the Don't-know-how-to-spell-it Society? I have purposely refrained from letting *anyone* tell me *anything* about it reserving for myself the great pleasure of hearing *all* direct from *you*. So you will come, won't you? And eternally oblige,

Yours, SARA WIDGERY.

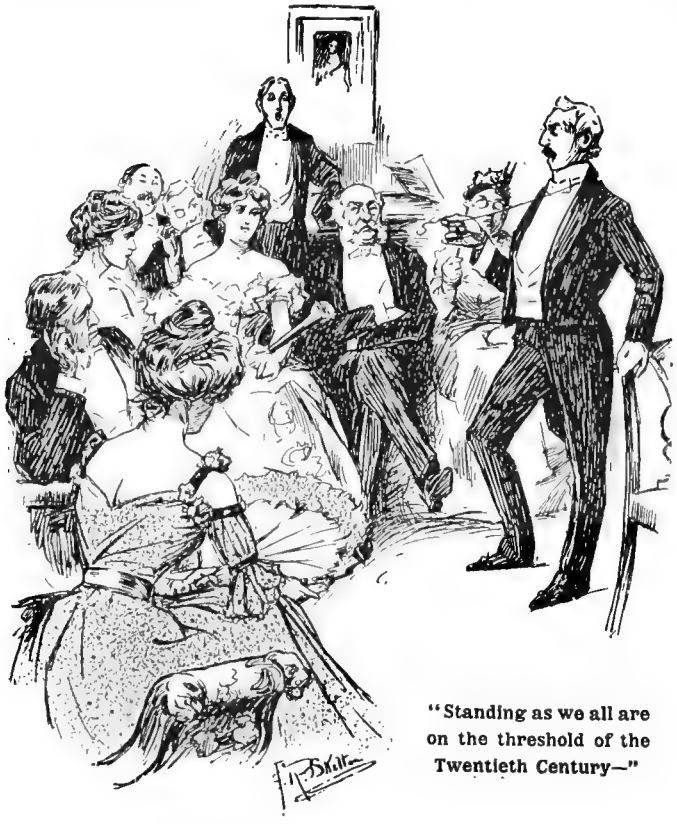
Of course Mr. Ponsford could not refuse so tender an appeal from a lady!

He accepted, and on Christmas Eve presented himself in due form at the Villa.

A large number of the first families of the neighbourhood had there assembled; on his entrance to the drawing-room all eyes were turned upon him.

But Adolphus had in return no attention to spare for anyone except his hostess, for Mrs. Widgery in greeting him had pressed his hand—or so he thought—with such tender muscular contraction, that it induced a like sensation in his heart, quite intoxicating him.

"You *are* kind!" she murmured. "And you will let us hear your deeply interesting story? Oh, thank you *so* much! What an intellectual treat we shall have, for—a—a—gentleman I met—whom I travelled with—I mean one of the members of the party on the yacht—is coming too to-night. He has lately had a Terrible Experience of the Unseen! So *awful* he has never spoken to a living soul about it! But to-night he has promised Me to tell it aloud for the first time! He said he could not refuse *Me* anything I asked him! Now, wasn't that a pretty speech?"



"Standing as we all are on the threshold of the Twentieth Century—"

Mr. Ponsford felt an unmistakable pang of jealousy towards this complaisant Interloper.

"Who is this—this a—personage?" he demanded.

"Mr. Carruthers Dashwood," Mrs. Widgery replied. "One of *the* Carruthers Dashwoods — very old family. So—so—so—oh, so select, don't you know! But quite a wreck poor fellow when he joined the yacht! Broken down by the terrible Psychical Experience he had undergone. I am simply *longing* to introduce you to each other, and will let you know the very moment he arrives. A charming man! *So* Metaphysical!"

Adolphus distinctly objected to Mr. Carruthers Dashwood presuming to relate any psychical experience. Of course this paltry little story could not compare to the gruesome horrors of his own thrilling tale! Still he would have infinitely preferred to have the whole field to himself,

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Therefore it was with feelings of relief that he heard his hostess a little later on in the evening declare that as Mr. Carruthers Dashwood had not appeared she feared he could not now be coming after all.

"So we won't wait another moment before we ask Mr. Ponsford to be so kind and clear as to tell us all about everything," she concluded.

The assembled guests murmured polite assent, and a subdued sound of clapping greeted Adolphus when, rising from his chair, he gave a pull to his waistcoat, shot out his immaculate cuffs, and after a few coughs to clear his voice, began to speak.

"Standing as we all are on the threshold of the Twentieth Century, the deep thoughts, borne in upon us all by—er—this circumstance, have induced a fresh interest in matters—"

"Really, my good Ponsford!" Colonel Belcher, his rival to the hand of Mrs. Widgery, interrupted, "haven't we done with the Twentieth Century platitudes yet? Surely you've something newer than that to tell us? What happened to you at Cambleford? Get to the point! Tell us *what* turned your hair grey, and made an old man of you."

Adolphus quivered with righteous indignation, but preserved his outward composure under this malicious speech.

His dignified manner of bearing so uncalled for an attack, won him the sympathy of everybody present.

He waited until the rustles of disapproval had subsided, then resumed his narrative.

"Let me then go straight to the point. Just two months ago I left home to pay a visit to my friend Lord Cambleford, the immediate object indicated in the invitation sent me being four days' pheasant shooting! I was to be one of the eight guns——"

"Spare us their names," said the irrepressible Belcher.

"I will," rejoined Adolphus quite good humouredly, "for the simple reason that I don't know many of them myself! If you will allow me to continue my narrative, Colonel, I will tell you *why* I never met my fellow guests, never shot one of my friend's pheasants——"

"Shot *at* you mean—couldn't hit a haystack flying," growled his rival.

"—And only spent one out of the five nights I had intended to sojourn, beneath the hospitable roof of Cambleford Grange! I left my own house in this neighbourhood on October 31st, taking the five o'clock train, which would deposit me about 6.15 at Cambleford. The Grange is only a quarter of an hour's drive from the railway station, so I knew I should have ample time to dress, etc. before the dinner hour.

"The weather all day had proved most inclement, and somehow I was unfortunate enough to contract a chill. By the time I arrived at the Grange my symptoms of nasal catarrh were so marked that I decided my only chance of being in a fit state to enjoy the next day's sport was to retire to my room immediately, and deny myself the social pleasures of the evening. In fact I resolved to go to bed at once!

"I communicated my intention to my host, who was most kind. I remember"—Mr. Ponsford smiled at the recollection—"he facetiously remarked, 'Right you are old chap! You *do* look a boiled owl! Bed is the best place for you. I'll tell my own man to see you get a skinful to eat and drink—a hot bottle to toast your toes, and a tallow candle to rub your nose with!'"

A ripple of laughter greeted the repetition of this spirited speech. Mr. Ponsford felt he had made a hit despite the disparaging remark of his martial foe, who could be heard declaring loudly *his* opinion that both the original remark and its retailed edition were distinctly vulgar—before ladies too!

"Lord Cambleford was as good as his word—a most elegant repast, with equally excellent wine, was served to me in my bedroom. Providentially I found my appetite was not impaired, and I could thoroughly enjoy all that lavish hospitality spread before me. I must confess to a glass of hot toddy during the evening"—Adolphus looked quite coy—"or to be quite accurate, to having indulged in two!"

"Oh, that accounts for the thing!" said Colonel Belcher. "He had a well-deserved nightmare—and thought because he saw everything double, he was interviewing Spooks and Bogles!"

"No, Colonel Belcher, I was not in the smallest degree under the influence of indigestion or intemperance. I retired to rest perfectly sober, and feeling as well as any man suffering from a mild attack of catarrh can feel!

"The chamber assigned to me was one of the largest, lofty and spacious, with a deep fireplace across the corner. Its walls and ceiling were panelled, and the floor was of polished oak covered by a few handsome rugs.

"My couch was an old-fashioned four-

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poster, and stood in the middle of the wall exactly opposite the only door in the room. On its left, at right angles to the door, were all the apparatus—er—for ablutions, on the right a writing-table and two armchairs.

"I apologise to you, my dear ladies, for thus thrusting these details before your notice, but they are necessary for the proper understanding of what followed. After enjoying a pipe or two and my grog I finally retired to rest at about nine o'clock. My couch was redolent of the garnered sweets of summer——"

Colonel Belcher interrupted him with a jeering laugh.

"Of summer," repeated Mr. Ponsford.

"My couch, I repeat, was downy, and I soon fell into that delicious slumber known to the fairer portion of my hearers as Beauty Sleep."

Smiles followed this pleasing fantasy, also still louder guffaws from the jealous soldier, even more offensive than his actual words.

"Beauty sleep, indeed! It's a pity you didn't take a longer snooze, then."

Adolphus made a little pause before he began again, artistically dropping his voice a tone or two.

"I had slept three or four hours, perhaps, when I was suddenly awakened by noises which I can only describe as indescribable. No words of mine will convey any idea of these fearsome sounds. They were evidently made by some person, some creature racked by agony too deep, too bitter for articulation. They rose and fell in dismal cadence, with measured intervals, like the rising and falling of waves beating on some lonely beach."

"Are you sure you did not simply wake yourself up by your own loud snoring?" demanded Colonel Belcher, adding, with a great show of friendly interest, "I remember when I shared your room the time we were golfing at St. Andrews, I could not get a wink of sleep until I got accustomed to your nasal music."

Adolphus wisely would not condescend to notice these base insinuations. He drew himself up, spread his doeskin covered white hand over his heart, and continued.

"My breath came and went, my heart quickened its action with painful celerity. I sat bolt upright and listened. The noises were coming from behind the writing-table, of that there could be no doubt.

"I lighted a candle and listened again—then, as the sounds did not cease, I started to investigate.

"Unfortunately, at an early stage in my search, I hit my large t—, er—well, the prominent bone of my pedal supports struck with great violence against a chair, causing me such acute pain that I dropped my lighted candle, accidentally extinguishing it as I did so, and simply danced in agony for several seconds. The offending chair was overturned with some force, and both it and the candlestick in falling made a considerable clatter. Imagine me standing thus, ladies——"

"*Don't*—I advise you not to—*don't!*" Colonel Belcher rolled his eyes with badly simulated horror.

"In Egyptian darkness, at a considerable distance from my bed where I had left the matches! Pulling myself together by a mighty effort, I groped my way to the wall, and began feeling along its guiding panels, listening the while for any sound. The noise which had awakened me had ceased, but ere many seconds passed I heard a fresh one. This time it was as if some ghostly fingers were pressed almost against my own on the other side of the woodwork. Then I could distinguish a soft sighing quite close to my ear! Anxious to get back to my bed——"

"And put your head under the clothes?" queried the Colonel with offensive politeness.

"—where I should find the matches," explained Mr. Ponsford severely, "I pressed my hands firmly against the panelling, the better to guide myself. I took a few steps in this way, when suddenly under my fingers I felt a panel move, sliding very gently and gradually to the right. I saw a momentary flash of light, felt a rush of cold air—then the panel slipped away from my fingers, and my nerveless hand dropped into a void."

His voice grew quite tragic in its intensity, and beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. Whatever Mr. Adolphus Ponsford imagined he had seen or heard at Cambleford Grange, one thing seemed certain—it was all an absolute reality to him.

Mrs. Widgery turned quite pale in sympathy, and the most incredulous of her guests were in some measure affected.

Even Colonel Belcher grew silent under a strange spell of fear, which had communicated itself from the speaker to all his audience.

"I say my nerveless fingers dropped into a void—would to Heaven that it were so! As my powerless hand slipped from the projecting wood of the moving panel it fell in contact with another hand. A Hand chill and clammy with the dews of Death, a Hand bony, fleshless, as that of a skeleton, a Hand

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which gripped mine with no merely human force.

"I was absolutely fettered by the supernatural strength of those emaciated fingers, whose icy touch sent every drop of blood in my veins down below zero. For several minutes, each of which seemed an eternity, I was thus held a prisoner! What words can convey the hideous horror of the time, what description explain to you the creeping fear which made my vertebrae crepitate and every hair move away from its fellows uneasily on my scalp? Then I collected the scattered remnants of my senses, recalled my ebbing strength, and with a final effort wrenched myself free from the Hand of Death which held me, and managed to close the panel, between me and the —the Horror without."

I sat bolt upright and listened.

Mr. Ponsford paused to wipe his white face.

"I think then I must have fainted, or swooned —one thing only I know, when I recovered consciousness the daylight was streaming into my room, and a manservant was bending over me, looking at me with a very anxious face.

"'What has happened, Sir?' he inquired. 'Did you walk in your sleep and hit your head?'

"Not wishing to pose as the injudicious guest of Christmas literature who invariably interviews the particular family apparition, regarding which his host is most touchy, I allowed the man to continue to believe this was the right solution of my being found in a heap upon the floor at eight a.m., and dispatched him with a message to Lord Cambleford to the effect that my catarrh was so pronounced I felt it would be best and wisest under the circumstances to return home at once in case I was in for a serious illness.

"My friend came in to see me half an hour later, and seemed much shocked by my wretched appearance. He placed a closed vehicle at my disposal to convey me to the station, and, to make a long story short, I returned to my own home by the first possible train. Our kind friend, Dr. Timbles, came to my help, and with his usual skill diagnosed my seizure as the forerunner of an attack—mild, thank Heaven—of brain fever, brought on, he thought, by overwork.

"A few words more, and I have done. My hair on the 31st of October was, as you all know, a dark brown; on the 1st of November it had become the colour you now see it."

Adolphus ran his fingers through his grizzled locks, bowed to his hostess and the assembled company, and resumed his seat.

A buzzing of conversation broke out. Everyone present had a theory of their own to air, and they all tried to do it at the same time.

Many questions were asked Mr. Ponsford, and answered with straightforward candour by that gentleman, but the most minute cross-examination failed to elicit any facts which could throw more light on the mystery of the Death Hand of Cambleford Grange.

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This excitement had hardly subsided when a newcomer was announced, and Mrs. Widgery rose with a little cry of pleasure to greet the belated guest.

"Oh, here is Mr. Carruthers Dashwood," she exclaimed. "How do you do? I had quite given you up! And we were all so disappointed, and feared we should not hear the—the—experience you had promised *me* to tell."

"My dear Mrs. Widgery, ten thousand apologies for my late appearance. I was delayed by unavoidable business. Nothing but matters of vital importance would have kept me from your side."

Mr. Carruthers Dashwood spoke in a very deep voice, quite out of keeping with his five feet nothing of figure and seven stone of weight.

He retained the fair hostess's hand in his own during the whole of his rather florid apologies. When at last he released it, with such undisguised reluctance and a lingering glance of ardent admiration, Colonel Belcher and Mr. Ponsford became at once one in their desire to shed his blood.

Mrs. Widgery blushed very sweetly. She was conscious of the many curious glances fixed upon her and her unknown friend, also of the baneful light shining in at least two pairs of those inquisitive eyes! So she hastened to make her latest Lion roar—in the manner expected of him.

"I will only forgive you your bad, *bad* conduct on the condition you at once fulfil the promise you gave me, and tell us all about your wonderful Cyclist performance."

Mr. Dashwood looked mystified—then his face brightened and he hastened to correct. His voice was not without a faint savour of reproach.

"My *Psych'c* experience? Certainly, if it will at all interest you and your guests, my dear Mrs. Widgery."

"Oh, indeed, indeed it will," the widow assured him. "We have just had a truly wonderful half hour while dear Mr Ponsford related the *most* thrilling story. I do wish you had been here to enjoy it too. Let me introduce Mr. Adolphus Ponsford—Mr. Carruthers Dashwood. You are both Great Souls, and should know each other."

The two gentlemen bowed with all the elegance induced by mutual and fervent dislike at first sight. While their tongues expressed their pleasure at meeting, their eyes exchanged a challenge *à l'outrance*.

"Now," Mrs. Widgery continued, clasping her hands ecstatically, and addressing her guests *en masse*. "Now we have got Mr. Dashwood a prisoner, we will be oh! so cruel! We will not give him one morsel to eat or drink, not a scrap of supper until he has told us the whole of *his* most interesting story."

"That being the case, I will begin at once. Your wishes, Mrs. Widgery, are ever my law."

"Gutter snipe!" whispered Mr. Ponsford confidentially to the back of his own hand, *apropos* of nothing.

"How *did* the dwarf get away from Barnum's, to which he properly belongs?" Colonel Belcher inquired from his ill-used pocket-handkerchief, blowing furious blasts into its innocent folds of linen the while.

Mr. Dashwood, unconscious of these fervent compliments, stood with his dapper little toes in the third position, gave *his* waistcoat the usual oratorical tug down and began his story.

"I am not an imaginative man," his deep voice made two or three elderly ladies jump. "and was an absolutely healthy one until the period when I lately passed through the Awful Experience which by my hostess's request I am about to relate for the first time. That period of mental stress, short though it was when reckoned by mortal standards, was long enough to completely shatter my health and disorganise my entire nervous system and leave a mark upon me—for my whole life! Thanks to a sea voyage in charming and congenial society," here he threw a languishing glance at the widow, "I am now quite restored. To go, without further preface, to my tale.

"At the end of October of this present year, the last week of the month, I was staying with a very great friend in Hertfordshire for a few days' shooting."

Mr. Dashwood gazed round complacently at his audience. He was agreeably surprised by their alert attitudes of attention. Everyone sat up in their chairs listening intently.

"My visit," he continued, "had come to its last night. I was to depart early on the morrow, when fresh guests were arriving for more shooting. I went to my room, a lofty chamber panelled and ceiled in oak, on the night of October 31st."

Mr. Adolphus Ponsford gasped — his fingers groped blindly at his collar stud. He felt choking.

The merciless voice went on.

"In the middle of the night, or perhaps towards the early dawn, I was awakened by hearing the most unearthly and objectionable

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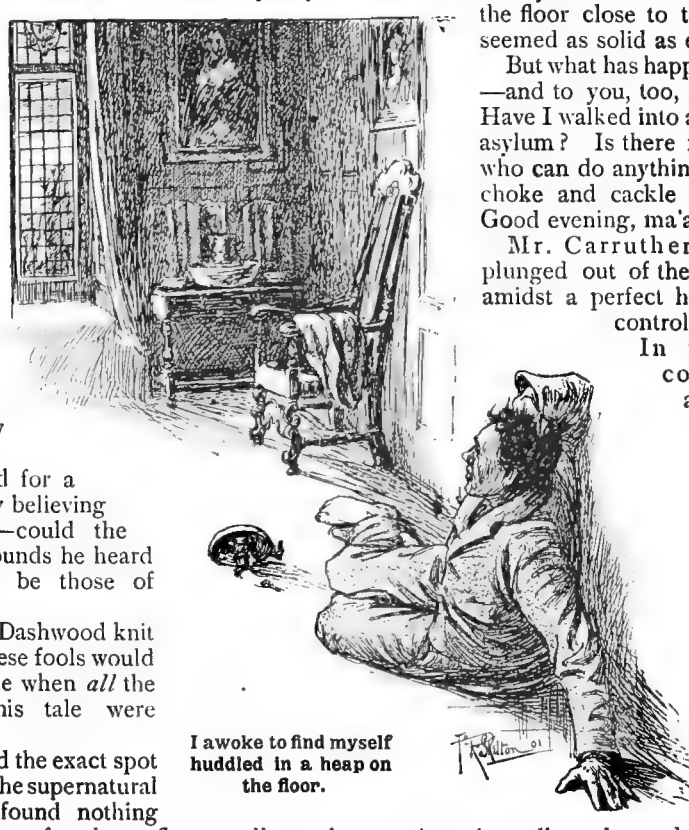
noises in my room close to the wall dividing my apartment from the next. Now, Cambleford Grange—the house I was staying in—was, I knew, noted for its ghosts—"

Mr. Dashwood paused, and looked round rather puzzled.

"I perceive," he remarked, "that there are smiles on many faces at the mention of the word ghosts. Ladies and gentlemen, I, too, once smiled, but now"—he frowned portentously—"I laugh on the wrong side of my mouth! To resume, I lit my candle, and, creeping out of bed, advanced to the area whence these horrible sounds proceeded, determined at all costs to unearth the mystery. But a chill, not of this world, crept over my whole body. My temperature was mysteriously and suddenly lowered! I verily believe that every drop of blood in my veins was many degrees below zero—"



I awoke to find myself huddled in a heap on the floor.

He stopped for a second, hardly believing his own ears—could the suppressed sounds he heard on all sides, be those of laughter?

Carruthers Dashwood knit his brows—these fools would cease to giggle when *all* the horrors of his tale were unfolded.

"I examined the exact spot where I heard the supernatural sounds, but found nothing there to account for them, floor, walls, and ceiling seemed quite normal. Then I could almost have sworn I saw a panel in the apparently solid wall move. A hot wind, warmed by no earthly fires, swept across my face extinguishing my candle. I groped with my free hand in the Egyptian darkness and then—oh, crowning agony, my hand was grasped by Another Hand burning with no mortal flame."

The indiscreet rippling giggles had been steadily increasing. His last words were greeted by open shouts of laughter. It was several minutes before silence was restored.

"I am glad, Ladies and Gentlemen, that I amuse you," remarked Mr. Carruthers Dashwood, with acrimonious politeness. "Pray laugh to your heart's content. Don't mind me. My story is nearly done. My hand, as I say, was held by this Fiery Hand in a Titanic grasp for at least a quarter of an hour, before I managed by a mighty effort to release myself from the Fetters of Flame. I heard a wild, demoniacal shriek, then merciful Providence sent to me oblivion, and I knew no more until with the early dawn I awoke to find myself huddled in a heap on the floor close to the wall, which seemed as solid as ever.

But what has happened to you all—and to you, too, Mrs. Widgery? Have I walked into a private lunatic asylum? Is there nobody present who can do anything but roar and choke and cackle with laughter? Good evening, ma'am——"

Mr. Carruthers Dashwood plunged out of the drawing-room amidst a perfect hurricane of uncontrollable laughter.

In the hall he collided with another departing guest.

He noticed that Mr. Adolphus Ponsford was not laughing.

At an early stage in Mr. Dashwood's narrative Adolphus had, Boojum-like, slowly and silently vanished away.

"Are they all mad up there?" inquired Carruthers Dashwood.

Adolphus sadly shook his head.

"Come round to my house," he said mournfully, "and I will explain."

* * * * *

Cutting from the *Morning Post*:

A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place between Sara, widow of the late John Widgery, Esquire, of Rail View Mansion, Broxhill, and Theophilus Belcher, late Colonel of His Majesty's Regiment of Mounted Motor-car Marines.

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HANDYMEN OF SPORT

W. G. in his younger days took the hurdles in fine style.

By George Epping.

Illustrated by Frank Gillet.

To-day he likes a peaceful (?) game of whist.

The Navy's "handyman" has frequently been the theme of song and story; but no one seems to have considered the claims of the "handymen" of sport. They are very numerous, too, and a long list of brilliant "all-rounders" could easily be compiled.

Dr. W. G. Grace is a fair example of the athletic handyman. True his great cricket feats have overshadowed all his other performances; yet the champion was a fine hurdler and sprinter in his younger days, though now that his hair is becoming tinged with the frost of passing winters, he devotes part of his leisure to the quiet game of whist.

No one has had a more varied experience than "W. G.," and some capital stories are told of him. When Alec Bannerman, the Australian stonewaller, was to the fore, Dr. Grace used to field almost on the end of that player's bat. One day, when the champion was creeping gradually in from point, he was rather startled to hear a youngster cry out to Bannerman: "Take care, Alec, or W. G.'ll have his hand in your pocket!"

Phil May, the black and white artist, played a joke on the doctor that was scarcely appreciated by the victim of it. Phil, in one of his cricket sketches, which appeared on a cold December day, put a pair of wicket-keeping gloves on one of the fielders.

Dr. Grace saw the picture, and wired to the artist: "Why, oh why does square leg wear wicket-keeping gloves?" Phil waited until about midnight, and then telegraphed the reply: "To keep his hands warm." There is no true and faithful record of the language used by the recipient when he was called out of bed about two o'clock in the morning to receive the message.

"Ranji" is an excellent hand at tennis —

One visit of Dr. Grace to Marlborough College is well remembered at the school. In the match the famous batsman was dismissed for a small score in each innings, and at night in chapel the masters were surprised at

— and enjoys a day's shooting.

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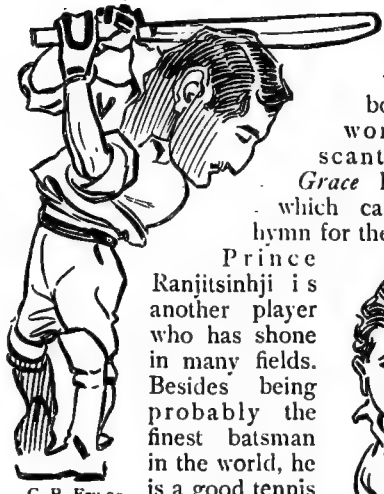

C. B. Fry as cricketer—

the heartiness with which the boys sang the words, "The scanty triumphs *Grace* hath won," which came in the hymn for the evening.

Prince Ranjitsinhji is another player who has shone in many fields. Besides being probably the finest batsman in the world, he is a good tennis and racquets player and a capital shot. At one time he was fond of Association football, but an injury to his knee laid him up, and when he recovered he decided to do duty as a spectator in the future.

—footballer—

Before he was so well known as he is now, Ranji obtained a lot of fun out of country cricket. During one long vacation he was on tour with the Cambridge Cassandra club, and a member of the opposing side inquired if "that dark chap could speak English?"

He was told that Ranji knew only a few words, such as "Yes," "No," and "How's that?" The consequence was that when the Indian prince went to the wicket he heard some lively criticisms passed on his batting. He soon set going, and began to knock the bowling about, and at length one of the out fielders called to the bowler: "Here, isn't it time you got this heathen out?"

All the changes proved ineffective, and at last, when a fast ball hit Ranji in the chest, the opposing captain audibly hoped "that it would knock the steam out of the beggar!" The joke was kept up until the dinner after the match, when the "dark chap," to the astonishment of his adversaries, rose and made a genial speech in proposing the toast of "The Home Club." It was wonderful what a number of the team were troubled with bad coughs during Ranji's remarks.

C. B. Fry is, I suppose, the greatest handyman of sport we have ever had. When at Oxford he represented his University as a runner, Association footballer, and cricketer, and distinguished himself in each branch of sport. To-day he is acknowledged to be one of the soundest batsmen in England, and he is still good enough to play back for his country at football.

Though Mr. Fry's great performances for Sussex last year surprised many of the public, he only fulfilled the expectations of the leading professional cricketers. In 1899 I remember hearing Titchmarsh, the well-known umpire, say that if he were picking an England team Mr. Fry would be his first choice, as he considered him the best batsman in the country. Since then the Sussex amateur has shown that there were good grounds for the professional's high opinion.

Last winter Mr. Fry was playing football with Southampton and the Corinthians; and during the latter team's Christmas tour he created a great impression on Northern players. He can suit his style of play to his opponents, and when hard, determined tackling becomes necessary, it is a pleasure to see the Southerner set to work. He believes in the robust school, and can act up to it if needed.

—sprinter—

Not content with his "field" successes, Mr. Fry, through the medium of newspapers and magazines, has now become a guide and counsellor to rising athletes. Knowing the game well, he is thoroughly qualified for the post, and it is an ever increasing number of students who come to sit at the feet of this modern athletic Gamaliel.

W. Gunn has been so long identified with Notts cricket, that many present-day players may not know he was once one of our best Association footballers. He

—and jumper.

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A. N. Hornby can turn his hand to cricket, football, and boxing.

played before combination was the chief end and aim of forwards, and his sprints along the wing were as characteristic as those of any international forward.

Gunn has had the satisfaction of representing his country in both summer and winter pastimes, and though his football days are over, he is still able to hold his own at cricket.

Daniell thinks no game like football, though he plays cricket with the best. His reason is that if a fellow damages you in football you can always wipe the slate clean during the game.

No one has been more prominent and popular, both in England and Australia, than A. E. Stoddart, the Middlesex batsman. Mr. Stoddart was acknowledged to be the best three-quarter back in England when he played Rugby football, and he was far and away the best man in the Shaw & Shrewsbury team of footballers that toured through the Antipodes. His performances at home and abroad are too well known to need recapitulation, and wherever he goes Stoddart is sure of a hearty welcome.

The "Oval catch" is known to cricketers. and the Oval crowd has peculiarities of its own. In a match there, so it is said, Mr. Stoddart knocked the umpire's hat off with one of his straight drives. This was particularly pleasing to two of the spectators, one remarking to the other: "There, that shows you what practice will do! Why he can do what he likes with the bowling."

Of course Mr. Stoddart does not give all his time to cricket. Some of it is devoted to the banjo, on which tuneful and soulful instrument he is quite an expert. He sings to his own accompaniment. He is also reported to have drawn the winner of the Melbourne cup in an Australian lottery, and pocketed £1,000 over his success.

Australia seems to be quite a favourite resort of our sporting handymen. Last winter Archie MacLaren, A. O. Jones, and C. McGahey did the now accustomed tour. They are three good men and true in several branches of sport. Mr. MacLaren has a decided weakness for the Island continent, as it was there he met, and married, his wife.

Another famous amateur, Ernest Smith, who, as bowler, batsman, and in the field is still doing excellent service for his county, Yorkshire, when his school duties permit him. is a fine all-round sportsman, a thorough-going handyman. He has been a football player; at golf, though he plays but little, he can very well hold his own with the average scratch amateur, while at billiards a fifty break is of frequent occurrence.

A. O. Jones, the Notts captain, is a "Rugger" player, and had he stayed at home and turned out for Leicester, he might have been in the running for International honours.

Lancashire's old captain, A. N. Hornby, once had a curious experience at Lord's. The ball slipped out of the bowler's hand as he was delivering, and Mr. Hornby rushed up the pitch to hit it to the boundary. The bowler did a sprint as well, and, beating the batsman, threw the ball to the wicket-keeper, who knocked the bails off. A violent debate followed as to whether the batsman was out or not, but eventually he was allowed to continue his innings.

When Hornby left Harrow his father asked him what professional career he would like to follow. "Well," responded young hopeful, "what with cricket in the summer, and football and hunting in winter, I think I

Foulke at the wickets. It is said that the umpires tried to make the following arrangement: If the ball should hit Foulke on the stomach he was out leg-before-wicket; if it hit him in the lower part of the back it was to be called "wide."

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shall have plenty to do, and ought to get along very well. Don't you?" He certainly did keep himself busy throughout the year, and played full back for England several times. In cricket he stole more runs than any other batsman, and, while a staunch upholder of amateurism, has always been a good friend to professionals. He is among other things a famous boxer.

Australia has given Somerset a very handyman indeed in the stout-hearted, muscular, and jovial S. M. J. Woods, whose "Who's coming in first with me, Martin?" was one of the institutions of Lord Hawke's American tours. Can anyone imagine the westerners without the versatile "Sammy"? He was one of our foremost footballers from 1890 to '95. Mr. Woods was a famous "winger," and I still remember his great effort to make a speech at the dinner after an international match at Manchester.

"Sammy" might develop into a great orator with practice. Parliament's loss is Somerset's gain. For years Mr. Woods was our leading amateur fast bowler; but he has slowed down a little now, though at times his batting is as lively as ever. He sings a good song, is fond of his pipe, and can make himself at home in any company.

J. Daniell, the old Cambridge Blue, is one of Sammy's friends and comrades in the Somerset eleven. A few seasons ago the Light Blue experienced a wretched run of luck, and, seeing him looking somewhat dejected one day, Sammy, who was enjoying a pipe, tried to cheer Daniells up with: "Never mind, Daniells, your luck must change soon, and then you will get your own back on the bowlers."

"That's all right, Sammy," was the victim's reply, "but you give me Rugby football and you can take cricket to Jericho. In cricket, if a fast bowler hits you in the ribs and hurts you, and then adds to your injured feelings by bowling you, you can't say or do anything to him. You dare not even throw your bat at him. But at football, if a fellow damages you a bit, you can always wipe the slate clean during the game. Yes! give me football, and hang cricket." As a footballer he occupies a foremost place. He plays for Richmond, Middlesex, and England, and is one of the finest, if not *the* finest, forward in the country.

A popular saying in Derbyshire last year was "Ahr knaw that man. He cooms fra Sheffield." He was easily identified, too, for it was none other than the burly, yet graceful, W. Foulke, Sheffield United's goalkeeper, a handy man of sport if there ever was one. He played four matches for Derbyshire, and made fifty-three runs at his first attempt. His friends declare that he would have played more frequently had it not been for the grumbling of the opposing captains.

Gregor McGregor finds the Stock Exchange a more engrossing sport than cricket.

McGregor, Sammy Woods, and Stoddart. The latter plays the banjo, Woods sings, and McGregor, being a friend of both, might learn to play. The result would certainly fill the halls.

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I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, but will give it as it reached me. The captains are alleged to have protested that Foulke's pose at the wickets handicapped their bowlers. The latter scarcely knew how to bowl at him to hit the stumps, and they wanted the home skipper to agree to the following arrangement being made between the umpires: If the ball hit Foulke on the stomach he was out leg-before-wicket. Providing this was agreed to, they were willing for any ball that hit him in the lower part of the back to be called "wide."

Speaking of Foulke reminds me that he is not nearly the "heavyweight" of cricket. Old records of the game tell us that the celebrated Daniel Lambert was a splendid cricketer in his youthful days. In fact, he was such an authority on the sport that "many used to resort to him to settle disputes after their games were finished, he being a constituted umpire at a time when there were no printed established rules;" and the old chronicler goes on to say: "A gratuitous beefsteak and a foaming tankard of ale his clients always received."

A player who says that he is taking less interest in cricket each year is Gregor McGregor, the Middlesex wicket-keeper. Two years ago he told the present writer that the Stock Exchange claimed so much of his attention that he had no time to think of the game until he was on the field of play.

He is a Scottish International in football and an English one in cricket, and the best amateur stumper since the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton. As he is a great friend of Mr. Stoddart, perhaps he, too, patronises the banjo, and together they may try to charm their circle of acquaintances with duets. A song by Sammy Woods, with a banjo accompaniment by the two celebrated Middlesex players, should draw a big house anywhere. Perhaps the secretary of some of the Cricketers Funds may accept the suggestion.

Worcestershire would be lost, in a sporting sense, without the Foster family, and better athletes than the three brothers H. K., W. L., and R. E., are seldom met with. They have been the backbone of Worcestershire cricket. As an "all-rounder" I should say that R. E. carries off the palm. If he is behind H. K. at racquets, he is at least his equal at cricket and his superior at football, and altogether the younger Foster is a useful man to have on your side in a general sporting contest.

W. L. Foster has had a lively experience of the South African war. For a time he was galloper to Lord Methuen, and in the discharge of his duties had nine horses shot under him during one day! He must have been in some warm corners for this to happen, and his luck was certainly in, for he escaped without a scratch.

J. Le Fleming, of Kent, can boast of having played in a cricket match on the site of the battle of Elandslaagte.

Several of our jockeys are fond of cricket, and Morny Cannon is a frequent spectator at first-class matches whenever he has a day off. His younger brother, Kempton, shines as a critic.

It is a pity that the match between the jockeys and sporting writers has been allowed to drop. In one of these, played at Leighton Buzzard, Mr. J. H. Smith, "Jim the Penman," of the *Sporting Times*, snapped a man at the wicket, and appealed for the catch. To his disgust the batsman was given "not out." Afterwards the matter became the subject of discussion in the pavilion, and as the players came in one of the spectators said to Mr. Smith: "What was that, Jim?" "We all thought he hit it," was the reply. "Hit it," responded the questioner, "why there was only one man in Leighton Buzzard who thought otherwise." At this Joe Cannon, who had been standing quietly by, remarked: "Well, what have you to complain of? He was the only man you asked!"

The brothers Foster can turn their hands to any sport under the sun.

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Behind Love's Mask.

By Maud Howard Peterson.

Miss Hargrave pulled off her fencing mask impatiently; flung it on one side; smoothed back the stray damp hairs from her flushed temples, and rested one hand above the other on the foil she held.

Young Trimble, who had placed a board across an old mahogany cradle that had held generations of Hargraves, swung gently in his improvised rocking chair, his long legs trailing backwards and forwards as a fisherman's line trails in the water. He regarded his pupil complacently.

"If I didn't happen to know that that was very fine steel, I'd dare suggest that you are bending it a bit too far."

Miss Hargrave relaxed her pressure on the foil. The steel sprang back in place as an arrow released from its bow.

"I'm tired of seeing you sitting there keeping cool," she said a little crossly. "And I'm tired of saluting you."

She sat down on the end of a box and looked severely at his uniform, immaculate linen, and placid face.

"I salute my superior officers every hour of the day," he answered.

"You have to—and that's different. I'd never acknowledge my duty to salute anyone."

The lieutenant ceased his slow rocking, drew up his long legs under the cradle with the mysterious nautical method of reducing everything to the smallest possible space, clasped his hands together, and leaned forward, his elbows on his knees.

"I'd give a good deal," he answered slowly, "to see what kind of a chap the fellow is who will master you some day, and whom you won't mind saluting."

Miss Hargrave ran the rubber tipped point of her foil along a crack in the attic floor. A little red flush, not entirely due to heat from her recent exertions, crept into her cheeks and lost itself behind her ears.

She pressed her lips firmly together and was silent, but young Trimble, who had long ago learned to read the signs forecast by his companion's face, suddenly sprang up.

"That salute is really quite simple," he said in a kindly but perfectly businesslike tone. "Remember—feet at right angles; point of foil in front; a lift of forty-five degrees, and then—and—so—so—and so. And there you are!"

"You never expect me to be able to do that, do you?" she said. "Besides, it's impossible to learn in these dresses. I must get a fencing costume."

"The sooner the better," he said lightly, making a thrust at an imaginary adversary.

"Yesterday," she went on, "when I broke mamma's best Dresden vase practising it, I felt pretty certain fencing was beyond me, and this morning when I smashed her choicest Sevres cup and saucer, I was dead sure of it. That's why she's banished us up here to practise," she added.

"It's a fine, jolly old place," observed young Trimble, looking around him.

Through the dim, cobwebbed panes of the small window near, the late afternoon sun

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was filtering and falling on her hair, lending to it a touch of its own reddish glow. He let his gaze wander absently to the foil he held.

"I'm in hopes you won't get discouraged and that we'll have a regular bout before long. It's uncertain just how long the squadron will be in the bay, and——" he broke off suddenly.

Someone was climbing laboriously up the attic stairs. The someone was Tommy, he felt positively certain. Tommy was young Trimble's special *bête noir*.

"I've come." The flushed face of Tommy appeared above the opening of the inclosed stairway. "I've come," he went on complacently, "for you to teach me how to fence. I want to fence with Margy."

He balanced himself perilously on the railing and looked from his sister to young Trimble. His sister spoke severely.

"You shouldn't talk so Tommy, and you mustn't *think* of fencing with Margy. Margy is a little girl."

"I don't see why," retorted Tommy, eyeing her suspiciously. "Mr. Trimble is teaching you to fence. Aren't you a girl?"

Miss Hargrave, unable to deny that she was, sat silent. Trimble muttered something hot below his breath, and went over to one of the small windows.

Far below him lay the town, and beyond it the bay, where the battleships were lying at anchor like great white sea gulls resting for a moment on the bosom of the deep, before they plumed themselves for their long flight.

And then he wondered if he was growing sentimental and *why* Tommy didn't go!

"I think," remarked Tommy slowly and with calm impertinence, "I think you're both very stupid and—very disagreeable."

Young Trimble turned away from the window and quite deliberately crossed the attic floor to where Tommy stood. Something in the lieutenant's quiet face awed Tommy, and grabbing up a foil, he held it out straight in front of him for a defence against—whatever the lieutenants meant to do. His small hands found difficulty in keeping it quite steady, and there was a sudden sense of bottomlessness where once had been his little heart, that he wouldn't have confessed for worlds.

"I don't care," he cried defiantly from behind his guard, "and what's more, I heard the paymaster tell Miss Sarah that you're the worst chap on board ship; that you've a sweetheart in every port, and the way you——"

Something caught Tommy firmly by the seat of his trousers—something he never could quite understand afterwards when he remembered the vicious foil he had pointed so valiantly at the sailor's heart.

Even in that terrible moment, he couldn't help thinking vaguely that the lieutenant must be very brave, and very, *very* strong, while he was being carried down the attic stairs, and placed not over gently, but very firmly, on the outside of the attic door, that was closed and locked on him. The lieutenant returned slowly up the stairs.

Miss Hargrave had risen from her seat on the box, and was gathering up the masks and foils. She leaned over abruptly to pick

"I'd give a good deal," he answered slowly, "to see what kind of a chap the fellow is who will master you."

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up a glove as he appeared, and she did not let him see her eyes.

"There isn't a word of truth in it," he burst forth. "It's only one of Blackmore's yarns." He crossed the attic floor to where she was stooping, and bent over her: "Won't you believe me—dear?"

The last word was so low that not even the inquisitive spider above their heads heard it, and it only reached the girl. There was a cadence in it, and a tenderness of which even Trimble did not wholly know, but to the girl in whose ears still echoed Tommy's tale, it sounded like an insult, and it dried the tears that hung upon her lashes.

She straightened herself, and was vaguely conscious as she did so of being glad that the daylight was growing dim and that her companion could not see how Tommy's thrust had gone straight home. She hoped that her voice did not betray what the coming darkness hid in her eyes.

"I don't see that it can make any particular difference, whether I believe it or not," she said coldly, moving over to where the masks and foils lay.

He had been invited to dinner and had got "special leave," to spend the evening on shore. She couldn't dismiss him—and how was the remaining time to be spent? She slipped on the mask, and behind the ugly protection her eyes shone forth like stars. A stray lock became unfastened and caressed the wire lovingly. She picked up her foil.

"Come," she said, "we'll have one more lesson before it grows too dark."

He did not move to obey her, but watched her longingly. Suddenly he took a step forward, caught her in his arms, and pushed back the mask. For a moment she lay passive there, her eyes looking up at him with a startled wonder in their depths. Then he kissed her.

"Won't you believe me—now?"

She forced herself away from his detaining hold, and turned and hid her face in her hands. There was something like a sob in her voice.

"How could you?" she said brokenly. "How—could—you—treat—me—so?"

He made a movement as if he would go to her. She turned on him.

"Did you think me that kind of a girl," she went on chokingly—"the kind of girl who doesn't mind such things and takes them all in sport—as they are meant?"

Suddenly she fled across the attic floor and down the attic stairs.

Young Trimble turned and gathered up the masks and foils—the emblems of a cause defeated.

"She's hurt," he muttered to himself. "I'm a brute, but she's hurt and—she does not care! She does not care!"

"She does not care!" grinned the empty, ugly masks at him.

"But, how much *I* care!" he groaned.

It was Tommy who made that dinner time endurable, and it was Tommy who, without compunction, joined the two silent figures on the porch, a little while after Mrs. Hargrave had discreetly withdrawn to write some very necessary letters.

"I hope you're going to give me fencing lessons," he began cheerfully, addressing the disconsolate Trimble, who was absently watching the signal lights flashing from his flagship in the bay. His eyes travelled slowly to the child.

"Hey—ah—yes. I don't know—perhaps."

"Because," went on Tommy with a face as serene as the September evening, "because I want you to—and because I think you will."

"You mustn't speak to Mr. Trimble so, Tommy," interposed Miss Hargrave's gentle voice reprovingly.

"I will!" said Tommy. "He isn't any one to talk, nor you either—to let him kiss you so!"

Young Trimble made a motion towards him, but Tommy, remembering the grip of the afternoon, fled to the lawn, and from that safe vantage ground hurled back defiance at them.

He was realising that the defence he held just now excelled all the foils that were ever made. Miss Hargrave flushed up in the dusk.

"How—how did you know?" she stammered.

"Ladder! Up to the roof of the new wing, and peeped in the other window," said Tomy laconically.

"Tommy—you--couldn't--have. You—" she broke off in confusion; "you must promise really truly never to tell. Do you hear?"

It was the worst possible thing Miss Hargrave could have said. There probably isn't a boy living above bribes, and Tommy revelled in his chance.

"That depends," he said, closing one eye thoughtfully; "I won't ever breathe a word—solemn honest—if I can have Mr. Trimble's mask—"

"You can," said Trimble hurriedly, while

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he inwardly hoped it might prove anything but a protection to the naughty face he longed to slap.

"And sis's foil—the pair," went on Tommy, counting the articles off on the fingers of one grimy hand.

"Yes—yes," said Miss Hargrave.

"And the gloves and—"

Trimble rose.

"You young thief!" he cried, and chased him round the lawn.

With the agility of a monkey, Tommy climbed a tree and sat regarding the lieutenant from a bough some four feet above his head. Miss Hargrave joined them.

"But, Tommy," she said pleadingly, "you wouldn't be so selfish as to take all Mr. Trimble's things, and sister's, too."

"Wouldn't I?" said Tommy hunting for the tart he had stolen from the pantry before dinner. "One set for me and one for Margy."

"You can't—" began his sister and young Trimble in a breath.

"Then I'll tell mamma and Mr. Blackmore and—and—"

"Oh, you can have them," cried the girl in a sudden panic of embarrassment. Then she pulled Trimble by his sleeve.

"Do come away," she said.

Trimble was wondering whether he dared suggest a scheme for Tommy's downfall and his own ascendancy. If she would only give him the right.

Miss Hargrave looked across at the squadron in the bay.

"I may not see you again before you leave," she began coldly. "Perhaps we had better say good-bye——"

He interrupted her.

"You will let me come again—just for appearances? The fellows will think it awfully strange, and talk, and that wouldn't be pleasant for you. You will let me give you one more lesson?"

She shook her head trying not to smile. "Tommy'll have all the outfit."

"I'll see to that," said Trimble viciously, determined to steal Blackmore's foils. "May I come—just once, you know?"

"Yes," she said.

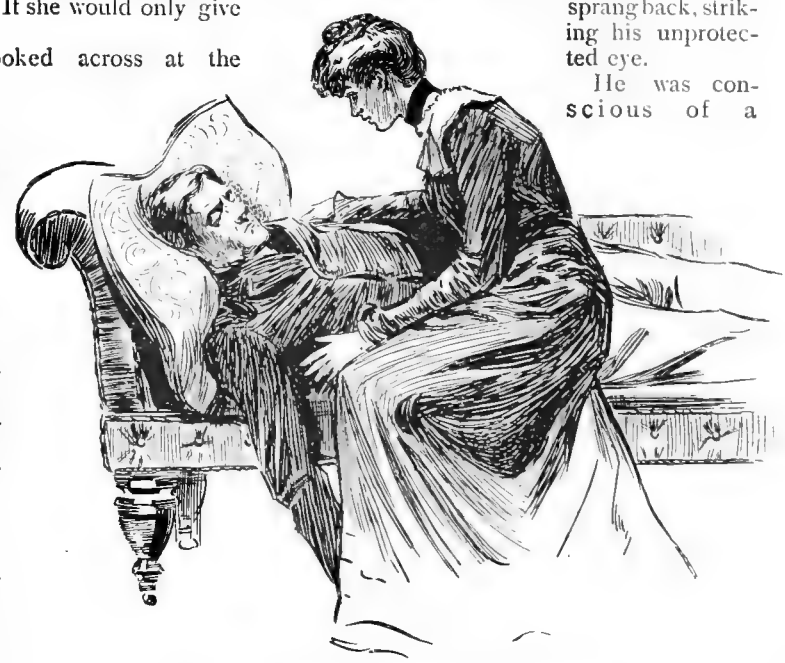
* * * * *

It is not known whether Miss Hargrave practised salutes, passes, thrusts, and parries before the mirror in the seclusion of her own room, or whether it was the knowledge that this was their last bout together and pride alone that nerved her to do her best. The fact remains that when, two days later, she and young Trimble stood together for the last time in the deserted attic, Miss Hargrave saluted her adversary with a grace that even his training could not criticise.

Her guardwork was somewhat weak, but her attack was surprisingly good. Trimble parried a bit absently as he watched the eyes and flushed face behind Blackmore's mask. His own face was unprotected, for like an officer and a gentleman, he had paid his debt to Tommy, and he had only been able to find one mask on shipboard, which he had given to the girl.

Miss Hargrave made a lunge that brought him back from dreaming and put him on his guard. She lunged again, and neither could ever afterwards tell how it happened, but Miss Hargrave tripped; tried to regain her position, and her foil that had sought out Trimble's shoulder slipped and the steel sprang back, striking his unprotected eye.

He was conscious of a



"Oh, why won't you answer me?" she cried.

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moment of horrible pain, and of feeling sickeningly dizzy; then he was forced gently back on an old horsehair sofa, and Miss Hargrave was hanging over him.

"Oh, why don't you answer me?" she cried. "Why don't you say something. I—I never meant—" she broke down and he could feel her warm tears on his face, "I never meant—the—unkind—things I said—the other day. I really couldn't be—so very—angry when you—." He could not hear the rest for her sobs, but still he kept his eyes closed and lay motionless. "Tell me that you—"

His apparently limp arms suddenly became tense, and Miss Hargrave felt herself being drawn close within them.

"Shall I tell you now, dear—that I love you?" young Trimble whispered.

She drew herself away confused.

"And you were not unconscious after all," she breathed. Then, as she looked up at the swelling eye, she shook herself free and rushed towards the stairs.

"Tommy! Tommy!" she cried. "Call mother and run for the doctor quick. Mr. Trimble's hurt!"

Tommy, who was listening at the key-hole, started back.

"Great Scott!" he muttered. "I hope Margy will be careful."

Tommy brought Margy with him and introduced her to young Trimble, as the latter sat on the porch that evening with Miss Hargrave by his side. The doctor had come and gone, and had pronounced it "a narrow escape—a very narrow escape," but he did not believe the injury serious, and young Trimble, in spite of the burning, throbbing pain, and the use of only one eye, was happy.

"There are *some* points," said Tommy modestly, "I can't just understand, though I listened when you and Mr. Blackmore were fencing the other day."

"Yes," put in Margy, "me and Tommy wants to know."

Young Trimble looked down into the children's warm flushed faces hidden by the stolen masks that were quite three sizes too large. "All right," he said good naturedly. "Fire away."

But as the children listened they thought the young lieutenant's replies very hard to understand and very vague.

"Well, what's '*touche*'?" asked Tommy.

Young Trimble looked at Miss Hargrave, and a little quizzical expression crept around his mouth.

"That's rather a complicated bit of fencing," he replied, "but you'll learn it some day."

And then I heard you say something about '*engage*'— is that hard?" asked Tommy.

Tommy's sister let her eyes wander off across the bay, and the red deepened in her cheeks, but young Trimble looked down at her and laughed as though at a pleasant thought.

"It's sometimes difficult," he admitted, still looking at the girl, "but the very best point of all to those who have learned how."

"And '*disengage*'?" asked Tommy thoughtfully.

One of young Trimble's strong brown fingers traced a pattern on the back of Miss Hargrave's white hand that lay near. He smiled gently.

"That's something I don't know anything about," he said.

Tommy stared.

"But——" he began, then paused. "A mask is very necessary, isn't it?" he asked, looking towards young Trimble's bandaged head. "I suppose I had always better use a mask, hadn't I?"

"I think you had," said Trimble.

"You always make sis wear a mask, don't you?" Tommy went on,

"I used to," said Trimble simply, "but we've decided never to wear any more masks when we—we play together now."

You have met Captain Kettle before?

Of course.

But don't forget to renew your acquaintance by reading his Adventure in the

MARCH PEARSON'S.

On Sale Everywhere, March 1st.

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By C. England Cowan.

It was a bedroom steward really made the discovery, though of course the captain and purser must have known. There were two Imperial Yeomanry captains on board, each glorying in the name of William Henry Smith.

The first five days from Table Bay were just dreadful, and although the ship was a splendid one, twin screws, bilge keels, etc. —and other preventions of sea-sickness—very few survived. In fact the skipper, one of the Captains Smith, and a pretty hospital nurse were the only ones who took meals in the saloon.

It can be easily understood that that particular Captain Smith had a very good start with pretty little Nurse Willis.

Now both Nurse Willis and this Captain Smith were amateur photographers, that is to say, each possessed a hand-camera, but had little or no knowledge about developing, and they decided, having a complete outfit, to occupy their time in experimenting, the skipper having rigged up part of the large chart room for their benefit.

It was the sixth day out, just after breakfast. Captain Smith had shown Nurse Willis his overnight attempts at printing with bromide paper from a negative supposed to represent himself. The face was smeared with many pea-green blotches, and Nurse Willis promised to read up from her manual the why and the wherefore and the antidote. She was successful, and scribbled a note to Captain Smith to that effect. She wrote:

Dear Captain Smith,—I am so sorry for you. I think you can prevent those green patches on your face by adding a weak solution of bromide when you wash. T.W.

She placed the note in a dainty little tinted envelope, addressed it to Captain Smith, and gave it to a bedroom steward to deliver.

It was this steward made the discovery.

He took it to the wrong Captain Smith – to the Captain Smith who had been suffering all the agonies of *mal-de-mer* for close upon a week.

"Letter for me?" he asked, mightily astonished.

"Yessir; from Nurse Willis, sir."

Captain Smith wondered who Nurse Willis was and what she wanted, opened the envelope, read the note, turned purple, spluttered, swore some fearful oaths, then pitched the surprised steward out of the cabin.

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The steward picked himself up, rubbed the angles of his body that had come in contact with the deck, muttered that it was a rum go, and returned to Nurse Willis to report."

"You delivered my message?" she asked sweetly.

"Eh, yes miss."

"Did he say anything?"

"He said a good deal, miss. Your letter seemed to surprise him a bit, for he swore something horful, then pitched me out of his cabin, neck and crop."

Nurse Willis seemed a bit surprised too.

"You didn't make any mistake, did you?" she asked.

"No, miss—Captain William 'Enry Smith, Himperial Yeomanry."

Nurse Willis said it was queer, gave the steward a tip, and sat wondering there until the original Captain Smith arrived.

"I've had such a lark," he remarked breezily.

"Really," in a below zero tone. "I'm only a woman, of course, but I think it most cowardly to hurt an unoffending steward, and he said you used dreadful language."

Of course explanations followed, but Captain Smith number two persisted that it was a put up affair by the nurse and Captain Smith number one, and mentally swore to be avenged.

After this things got fairly lively. Not a man on board had a chance. It was one or other of the Smiths, and not a soul thought of interfering; the race was far too interesting, and on a long voyage! It was a god-send. In the absence of the Smiths it was the general topic in the smoke-room, and the betting on the daily run dwindled down to a mere nothing in comparison with the Smith race.

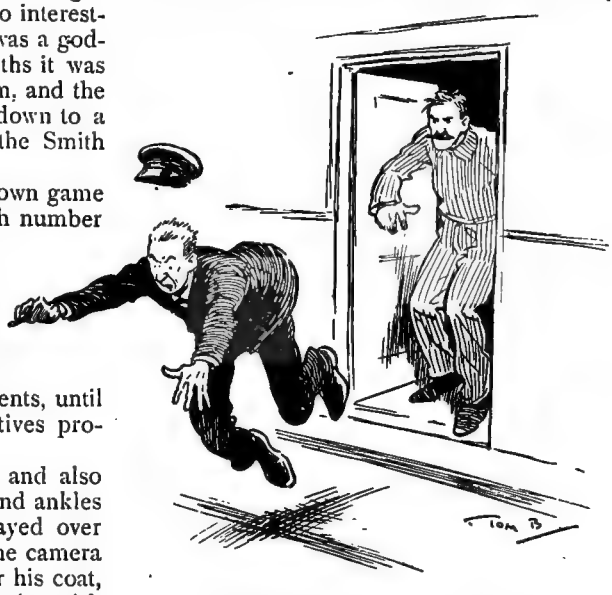
Smith number two played a low down game on Smith number one. While Smith number one was perspiring hard in the limited space of the dark room, Smith number two went—and, well, borrowed the other Smith's camera, a Kodak. Nurse Willis was swinging in a hammock, busy reading patent medicine advertisements, until the motion and the thrilling narratives produced a sweet slumber.

Smith number two had seen this, and also that Nurse Willis's pretty little feet and ankles were somewhat prominently displayed over the side of the hammock. With the camera opened, but carefully hidden under his coat, Smith walked quietly past the sleeping girl, watching her whether she was really asleep. Satisfied, he returned, and, standing about a couple of yards from the before-mentioned pretty feet and ankles, let the shutter snap.

Now, Nurse Willis had promised to do some developing during the absence of the photographic Smith, and, as some may not know, a long roll of film is not the easiest thing in the world to manipulate in a small developing tray, Nurse Willis spoiled them all but one photograph, and that was, as luck would have it, the one so meanly obtained by Smith number two. The poor little nurse was too upset at spoiling so many films to care very much what the good one was until after it had been fixed. Then she got a shock. She saw herself in the hammock, with a head the size of a penny doll, and the feet and ankles—! Medium tens, with ankles in proportion, the latter diminishing in the wrong direction.

She wept! She thought long and deeply upon the baseness and treachery of men, and finally vowed she would never speak to Smith number one again.

A week passed—a weary monotonous succession of meals, drinks, and smokes. It was painfully evident that Smith number one had given up the race, and, of course, Smith number two had a clear field (or deck); and, getting into more northern parts, the astronomy business went very strong, including warm wraps and articles of the kind. The other Smith kept to the seclusion of his cabin; hence the smoke-room had practically



Captain Smith pitched the surprised steward out of the cabin.

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nothing to discuss but whisky and whist, and the Colonel, who had a crazy sub. for a partner, caused the only bit of nightly stir by making things hum at the end of each game.

It was just after one of these volcanic episodes of extra magnitude had entertained the company, when in marched the two Smiths, evidently in great states of excitement.

"Colonel Benan and gentlemen," began Captain Smith number one (the skipper was on the bridge), "I—"

"We," from Smith number two.

"Very well, we" (with absurd emphasis), "wish you to arbitrate in a matter of some delicacy."

The Colonel went reddish purple, either from vexation at a winning game being thus interrupted, or from difficulty in suppressing mirth.

The Colonel took the chair, the others arranging themselves on either side, but at the end of a quarter of an hour no one was a scrap the wiser, as both Captain Smiths persisted in speaking at the same time, despite all the efforts of the president. Finally, it was understood that each Smith accused the other of doing a dirty, low, mean, blackguardly trick on Nurse Willis.

The Colonel, with twinkling eyes and various little coughs, suggested mildly that the two warlike Smiths should toss up for it, the winner to have so many hours grace (to be arranged) wherein to ask Nurse Willis the vital question. The two Smiths smiled, thanked the Colonel for his advice and suggestion, but said they had already made an attempt to solve the difficulty in that manner but that it had been a failure, ending in high words and nearly in coming to blows.

The Smiths were most unreasonable.

The doctor (R.A.M.C.) suggested putting poison in one glass and water in another, &c., at which both Smiths paled and said it wouldn't do.

Things had arrived at a decided deadlock when the skipper entered the saloon. He was for backing out, thinking he had dropped in on a court-martial, but the Colonel appealed to him to try and settle the differences of the Smiths.

The situation having been explained to the skipper, he at once asked if the Smiths desired a mental or a physical means to an end. They would leave the matter entirely in the hands of the captain.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, "at six o'clock to-morrow morning we will be coaling at St. Vincent. The coal is brought in lighters, then bagged and hauled up. My suggestion is, that as soon as the nurse goes ashore, which she is sure to, for coaling is a dirty job, you two gentlemen have an hour's turn each at filling the bags, hoisting and trimming, the man who does best average work to have the monopoly of the lady for the remainder of the voyage, the loser to give his word to steer clear out of the way."

The Smiths were practically forced to accept this, the skipper's suggestion being received with general acclamation.

Twelve noon was the time arranged for the first stage—filling the bags on the lighters.

The smoke room had practically nothing to discuss but whisky and whist.

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The two Smiths, however, never took their eyes off the lighters from the moment they came alongside.

At 11.55 the two Smiths crawled down the rope ladder, and each took up a position at either end of the lighter. Both had been provided with old clothes, but the niggers were mightily astonished to see these two tall white men begin shovelling coal into the bags at a pace simply appalling.

A quarter of an hour saw Smith number one quite half a bag to the good, which he almost doubled in the succeeding fifteen minutes.

She saw two tall shining black men approaching.

Then, amidst bewildering excitement, Smith number two put on a spurt. The way he shovelled coal, dust and lumps, was truly marvellous. Exactly ten minutes from "time" the two were level, starting their next bag simultaneously. Quite an ovation was accorded them and kept up until the sound of eight bells gave the signal to "cease fire." The captain, as umpire, declared it a dead heat, which was the signal for another cheer.

Just as the echoes of the last cheer were dying away over the tranquil peaks, Nurse Willis, who had returned unseen, touched the Colonel on the sleeve and asked the reason of the cheering. He, poor man, had just caught a glimpse of one of the Smiths at the top of the ladder. A sort of convulsion seemed to have gripped him. He really appeared to swell visibly, while his face underwent most peculiar distortion. Nurse Willis looked at him with evident alarm, and was going to ask if the Colonel were ill, when suddenly the two Smiths appeared on the upper deck. She saw two tall shining black men approaching, but a second or two lapsed before she realised who the masquerading sweeps were.

When Nurse Willis came to, as the saying is, she was very weak, but quite strong enough to protest against and contradict the doctor's remark about hysterics.

"Oh, tell me why did they do it?" she asked.

No one dared tell her, and the silence gave her the cue. She blushed—well, the doctor said right down to her feet, and he ought to know, though he wouldn't explain how.

Things went on very slowly after this. Nothing would appease the wrath of the Smiths, and poor little Nurse Willis changed completely. The Colonel got worse tempered, while the crazy sub. went in for open rebellion, said he didn't mind getting bombarded by a long Tom, but was jiggered if he could stand it from a mouth organ (said *sotto voce*).

It was a period of strained relationships.

The Colonel was arguing with the senior major (R.H.A.) that the guns ought to have done this and that, when both were startled by hearing a burst of downright genuine laughter, evidently from the captain's room.

"Sounds like one of those confounded Smiths," the Colonel muttered.

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The major went and peeped in through the port-hole, then beckoned the Colonel.

Much to their astonishment they beheld the nurse, and the two Smiths enjoying some joke. Nurse Willis said something that set the two Smiths roaring with laughter again, and amidst it all the little nurse rose, curtsied, and ran out of the cabin.

"Most extraordinary behaviour," the Colonel remarked as he walked away disgusted.

"Well, I'm frizzled," remarked the crazy sub., as he and the major discussed a cocktail and the latest developments of the Smith case.

It was just as well it was near the end of the voyage. Nobody liked the way that nurse and the Smiths behaved, and quite a coldness grew up between them and the others, but the others seemed to take it more to heart.

At last the tug-boat got alongside. Only two people came off; the skipper appropriated the one, and those abominable Smiths the other. The crazy sub. said they were two detectives to arrest the Smiths.

The saloon was filling for tiffin, when the nurse and the Smiths with the strange man came in in a vulgar, boisterous manner, and, instead of occupying their usual places, the four remained at the end of the table.

Just before soup was in, the nurse rose, bowed to the skipper and the Colonel, and begged to introduce her nearest and dearest relative, James W. Willis, her husband.

A lyddite shell would have caused less commotion. The skipper recovered his presence of mind first, and got up and bowed to this Willis man. The Colonel followed, as did the lot. Then this James something Willis got on his hind legs and said he was very pleased—care of wife, and rot like that. Finished up by saying his wife had gone out to nurse her brother, wounded at some place or other.

Nobody took any interest, and everybody was excessively bored; but all wondered if the nurse told her husband about her carryings on with those Smith chaps when there were so many really decent fellows on board.

THE MAIDEN'S CATECHISM.

By Jessie Carr.

You ask how much I love you. Let me pause and ponder well.
I will not say 'With all my heart,' nor, 'More than tongue can tell,';
I will not say, 'I love as woman ne'er hath loved before!'—
Such hackneyed phrases, you'll agree, 'tis better to ignore.
So I will rather put it that the love my heart doth hold
Is as sterling as your silver, and as plenteous as your gold!

You ask me when I loved you first. And well I do recall!
'Twas not the day when first we met, as sometimes doth befall;
'Twas not the time you pressed my hand, and tried to steal a kiss,
Nor yet the day you first began to hint at wedded bliss.
Not then had Cupid touched my heart—nor did he there encroach,
Until I learned your bank account was quite beyond reproach.

You ask me why I love you—ah! how could you ever guess!
It is not for the wisdom nor the wit you may possess;
It is not for your virtues, and it is not for your fame;
It if not for your valour, nor your pure unsullied name.
Ah! not for reasons such as these my heart goes out to you—
But just because I know, my dear, you're very well-to-do!

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CAP AND BELLS

It is not often a woman misunderstands a judge, especially when the case happens to be one of "breach of promise." However, the other day a well-known counsel examining the plaintiff in a case *re* the above, inquired of her: "Was the defendant's air, when he promised to marry you, perfectly serious or jocular?"

"If you please, sir, he had been rubbing his hands through it, and it was all of a rumple."

"You mistake me; I mean, was the promise made in sincerity?"

"No, yer worship, it was made in the larder."

VISITOR: "What are you painting?"

ARTIST (sarcastically): "Can't you see?"

VISITOR (sweetly): "Yes, I see it is a flower. Have you decided yet what to call it?"

* * * * *

A Japanese gentleman, bearing the simple name of Azurizawa Ryochi Nichome Sanjukanboz Ki-bashi-ku, has discovered the secret of photographing in natural colours. It is hoped that he will not imitate Daguerre by christening the process with his own name. Think of going to a photographer and telling him you want a dozen Azurizawaryochichome-sanjukanbozkibashikuo types taken!

* * * * *

A MATTER OF INCHES.

When Gladys walks with Horace Long,
The contrast is, I wis,
A scandal to the public eye—

But when next day with Bertie Short
Strolls out that charming miss,
The pair do not attract remark—

He sees her to her parents' door,
And steals one little kiss,
And then with no observer nigh,

Google

"He's an awful miser. I never heard of him giving anything away in his life."

"Didn't he give his daughter away when she was married?"

"His daughter eloped."

* * *

"What a time you have been about that egg, Mary!"

"Yes, madam, but the new kitchen clock has such large minutes!"

* * *

SUPERIOR EXPERIENCE.—The imaginary invalid, who fancies he has had all the diseases in the world, or at least all the interesting ones, is not often an amusing person to a physician; but now and then a valetudinarian of this sort affords the faculty a good deal of diversion.

A man of sixty, who had been a grumbler all his life, and had long made a practice of changing doctors on the slightest provocation, not long ago called in a young physician who had gained a considerable reputation.

He was telling this doctor what he thought was the trouble with him, when the doctor ventured to disagree with his diagnosis.

"I beg your pardon," said the patient in a haughty way; "it isn't for a young physician like you to disagree with an old and experienced invalid like me!"

And he went out to seek another physician.

* * * *

JUDGE: "What induced you to break into that bank?"

BURGLAR: "The money there was in it. What yer 'spose? Think I did it for glory? Ain't money what we all are after? Ain't that what you get for trying these cases?"

"Do you buy your music by the roll?" said a gentleman to the parson's daughter. "No," she replied, "I always wait until Sunday, when I can get it by the choir."

SHE (tragically): "Take back the heart that thou gavest."

HE: "Never mind about the heart, just hand over that diamond ring."

* * *

A WELCOME VISITOR.—"They are comical folk, truly, those English; they tell us they are on a pleasure excursion, and they spend all day trotting up and down the mountains.

"I'll tell you a story," went on the guard, when, with his eyes full of tears, he had coughed himself quite into a corner of the *coupé*.

"An Englishman came down here last year; *komischer kerl* (a queer fellow) he was truly, and wanted to go fishing in the lake at Hasterang. So away he went to the fish-master, who rents the water about here, and asked how much must be paid for permission. "Well," continued the guard, his voice beginning to shake again with another fit of laughter that was coming on—"well, the fish-master, of course, thinking the Englishman was only joking, told him that for a florin a day he might do as he liked.

"Would you believe it? Every day for a whole month actually the Englishman worked hard from morn till night catching fish, and as I live"—here the guard broke fairly out again—"as I live, instead of keeping the fish he had caught for himself, he used to come regularly and give them up; so the end of it was that the fish-master lay in bed the whole day, while the Englishman not only went out fishing for him, but actually paid a lot of florins for being allowed to do the work! Ah, they are *komisches Volk* (queer people), these Englishmen!"

She: "As we are going to be married so soon, don't you think you ought to begin to save up?"

He: "Oh, I've begun already. That very thought occurred to me this evening as I was coming here."

She: "What did you do?"

He: "Passed the sweet shop without stopping."

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FIVE SHILLINGS A DAY is not a millionaire's income, but it is an income which will, at all events, support you for the rest of your life—even though you have nothing else.

Added to your present income it will mean little luxuries for whi h you have longed, and which have been out of your reach.

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TO YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS : : :

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TO GROWN-UPS : : :

Five Shillings a Day (nearly *£100 a Year,* please note) will keep you and your family out of the workhouse, should all other sources of income fail. It would start your son in business, or give your daughter a dowry which would be the envy of all her friends—or, if you wished to spend the money on yourself, it would give you all the luxuries you could very well wish for.

Even if you are well-to-do, five shillings a day more for life is not to be despised. If you don't want it yourself, you can make other homes happy with it.

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,, ,,	40	,, ,,				£3,150.
,, ,,	35	,, ,,				£3,600.
,, ,,	30	,, ,,				£4,100.
,, ,,	25	,, ,,				£4,550.
,, ,,	20	,, ,,				£5,000.
,, ,,	15	,, ,,				£5,450.

FULL PARTICULARS AND EXACT CONDITIONS OF THIS SENSATIONAL PRIZE WILL APPEAR NEXT MONTH.

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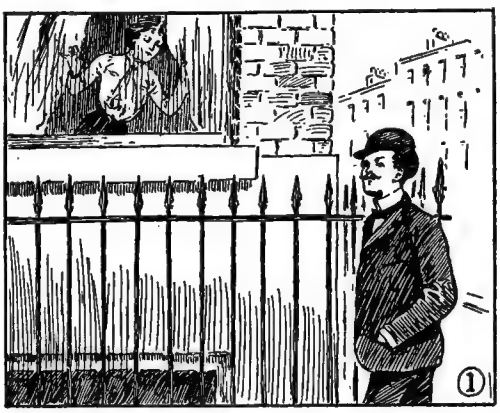
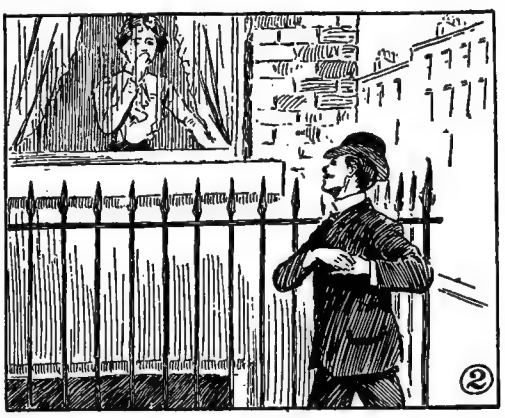
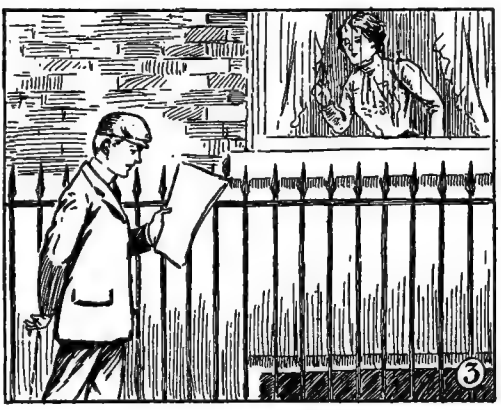
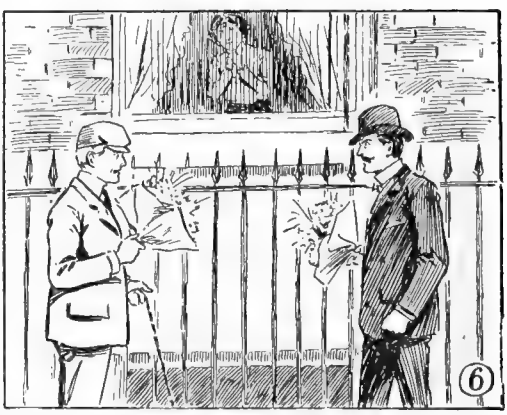
WHAT HAPPENED?

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.









This story must be concluded, and it is for our readers to suggest the conclusion. What they have to do is to suggest to our artist two more pictures which shall, without a word of explanation, bring the story to an effective close. We offer a prize of Two Guineas for what we consider the two best suggestions. Will competitors please mark their envelopes "Wordless" in the left-hand corner, and send in their communications before March 20th.

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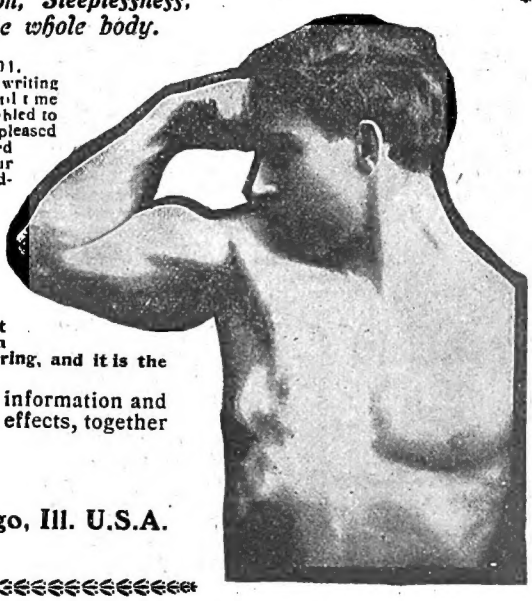
(Signed) A. G. Mackenzie, Justice of the Peace.



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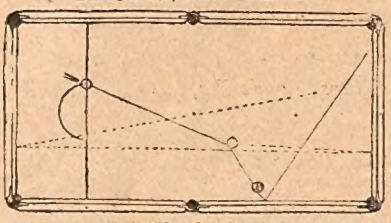

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